

*J. G. Benson*

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED

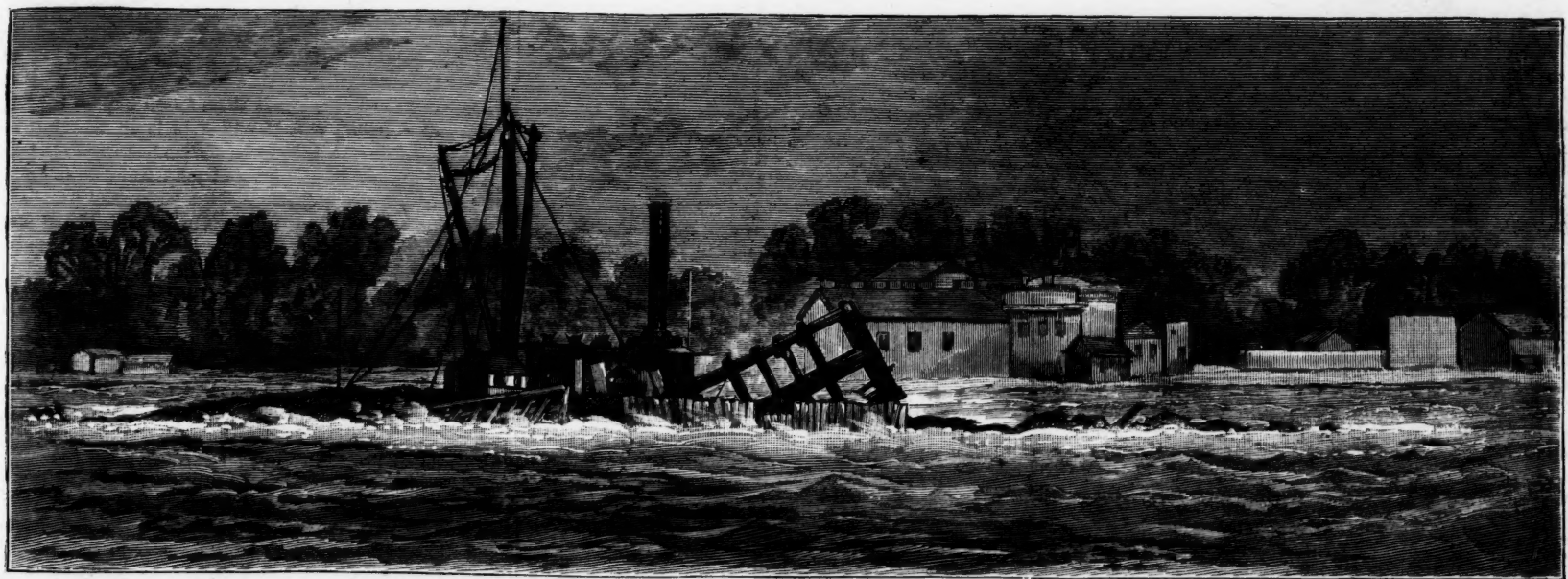


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THE PRESENT APPEARANCE OF FLOOD ROCK.

THE REMOVAL OF OBSTRUCTIONS TO NAVIGATION IN THE EAST RIVER, NEW YORK—A UNITED STATES SUBMARINE DIVER EXAMINING THE "NIGGER HEADS" ON FLOOD ROCK AFTER THE EXPLOSION.

FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 151.



FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,

53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.

Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 24, 1885.

### THE OHIO ELECTION.

THE victory achieved by the Republicans of Ohio in the election of last week seems to have surprised the politicians of the country, and those of them especially who regarded the possession of the Government by the Democracy as an element of power. But the result had never been regarded as doubtful by persons who were familiar with the conditions of the canvass and the influences which dominated the situation. The result has been mainly determined by exclusively State issues, as to which the Republicans have much more nearly represented the popular and average sentiment than their adversaries. The Democratic administration had made a record which was offensive not only to good morals, but to sound public policy. The repeal of the Scott Liquor Law, which involved a loss of \$2,000,000 a year to the towns and cities of the State, and compelled many of them to borrow money to meet ordinary expenses; the corrupt and shameless huckstering by which the United States Senatorship became the property of the highest bidder; the prostitution of the judicial, the electoral and the police systems of the State to questionable partisan purposes; the contemptuous disregard of the principles of Civil Service Reform; the mismanagement of important State institutions; and the transfer of the party leadership from statesmen like Thurman and Pendleton to spoilsmen of little character and low methods—these were some of the offenses which the people were called to review, and which they were unwilling to condone. Governor Hoadly, with a strange misconception of the popular intelligence, undertook in his canvass to justify and defend the record thus made up by his party; Judge Foraker and the Republicans assailed it from every platform and in every party organ. With the issue thus clearly defined, but one result was possible in a State whose citizens, whatever may be their occasional lapses in minor contests, have never failed in grave crises to attest their fidelity to sound social order and upright, enlightened government. Not even the injection into the canvass of the Prohibition and "Bloody-shirt" issues, damaging as they would have been under ordinary circumstances, could divert the attention of the people from the real question of the thorough reformation of the entire policy of the State administration, and the arrest of vicious tendencies which had become so pronounced as to endanger the highest public interests.

Having won the State by distinct pledges to reform existing abuses, the Republicans have an opportunity not only to confer lasting benefits upon the people, but to establish themselves in permanent supremacy. But they should understand that the last can only be accomplished by making the first the primary consideration in all they do. In these days it is the party that honestly serves the people that best serves itself. If the Ohio Republicans shall address themselves honestly to the performance of the work committed to their hands, subordinating partisan to public ends, and keep themselves abreast of the highest demands of the time as to purity, efficiency and integrity in the administration of all public trusts, they will hold the advantage they have gained. If they fail in any of these particulars, the people will at the first opportunity punish them for their infidelity, as they have just, deservedly and severely, punished the arrogant and reckless Democracy.

### AN ERA OF TOLERANCE.

THE decease of Cardinal McCloskey has elicited a feeling throughout the country at large which every broad-minded thinker should desire to see strengthened and made enduring. While the eminent prelate was the conspicuous, watchful, zealous and pure-minded head of the Roman Catholic Church in this country—the figure about which centred all of the dignities of this ancient body, and withal the very incarnation of the oldest of Christian forms—men of all sects and creeds unite in expressions of sorrow at his death, and in doing honor to his memory. There is altogether absent that narrowness and prejudice of sentiment which would have been present, in such a case, three or four decades ago. The fact is most significant. It portends that those who most ardently cherish Christian truth, who most liberally support denominations and creeds, are the first to recognize the virtues of a great sectarian leader, and the real brotherhood of all who hold the essentials of Christian doctrine. It is not to be denied that Cardinal McCloskey's life was a singularly exemplary one, scarcely paralleled in the Roman Church in America, and that he had none of the aggressive spirit of the dogmatic agitator. This, indeed, was why he was a great churchman. Had the beretta in this country been given to a priestly enthusiast bent on interfering with our common schools, our existing system of suffrage or legislation, then an opposition would have arisen and conflicts ensued which would have deepened religious rancor to a pitch of intensity wholly inconsistent with the true spirit of Christianity. The wisdom of the choice of the distinguished

priest just gone was one of the happy inspirations of the Roman Pontiff. He selected for the highest priestly office in a country of fifty millions of people a man who had lived for half a century in the presence of republican institutions, who had grown and matured under their influence, and who understood the temper of his time and his contemporaries, and to his tact and wisdom intrusted the vast interests of the Church which for ages had been held to be hostile to the democratic idea in state and government. The outcome of that choice, as seen to-day, justifies conclusively the sagacity which inspired it.

It is surely a hopeful indication of a broadening tendency of thought and belief that men of all denominations, crossing sectarian barriers, have gathered around the bier of the first American Cardinal in a common grief, and a full recognition of that common kinship which binds the whole human family together.

### SURPLUS FEMALES IN MASSACHUSETTS.

THE recently completed State census of Massachusetts presents some remarkable figures. It has been found, for example, that the female exceeds the male part of the population by 76,627. This is an increase of the female excess of one thousand per cent. since 1840, while the increase of population during that period has been but two hundred and fifty per cent. Forty-five years ago the excess of females over males in Massachusetts was 7,672, just one-tenth what it is now. From these facts it would seem that there is no State or Territory in the Union where there is such an extraordinary surplus of women, or, which is perhaps the same thing, such an alarming scarcity of men.

We have seen no attempts to account for these economically interesting phenomena. But they cannot be unaccountable. All things in nature have a cause. These statistics themselves furnish one explanation. The greatest relative decrease of the male population took place between 1860 and 1865. The excess of females grew from 37,640 in 1860, to 63,011 in 1865. That is to say, the enormous losses of men which loyal Massachusetts suffered during the Civil War became permanent losses, from which there has been no absolute recovery. The deaths alone of Massachusetts soldiers far exceed the excess of females after the war closed.

Another cause of the relative decrease of males during the period since 1865 has been a tendency on the part of young men to leave older communities and States, with a view of building up their fortunes in the States and Territories of the South and West. These young men, generally speaking, do better their fortunes in their new homes, form social connections and matrimonial alliances, and become permanently separated from the States of their nativity. These emigrations from old cities like Boston are continuously going on. Nothing seems more difficult than for young and new men to get into business, or get anything to do in hard times, in the oldest cities and communities, where capital is more conservative and enterprise less active than in some other parts of the Union.

A third cause that contributes to swell the excess of females lies in the fact that a portion of the working and factory girls employed in the numerous manufacturing establishments of Massachusetts are drawn from other States than the one in which they are enrolled. We have not at hand statistics showing the number of women and girls engaged in manual labor in this manufacturing State, but the total number obviously forms no inconsiderable part of the female population. The surroundings of these factory girls are not conducive to matrimony, and hence, instead of marrying and changing their residence frequently to other States, they continue their life of toil where they are. Men who are poor can seek new fields more easily than poverty-cursed women.

A last reason for a preponderance of females in this ancient Commonwealth is one that gallantry would prompt us to omit. It is based upon a fact of common observation that men, as a rule, do not marry literary, progressive or intellectual women as a matter of preference or choice. Marrying men are somewhat in fear of a blue-stockinged woman in the relation of wife. Hence, gentle, retiring, womanly women, with less "culture" than those of Boston, are apt to carry off the matrimonial prizes in any competition that may arise between the Attica of America and other States. Statistics seem to support this suggestion, as the number of "old maids" is relatively larger in Massachusetts than elsewhere. The point, then, is well taken that the transplanting of literary women and the highest developments of Boston culture, through a preference for them of marrying men from other States, has not been going on to such an extent as to check the rapid relative increase of females in the aggregate population. Men admire, but seldom love, women who are stronger-minded than themselves.

### THE VIRGINIA CAMPAIGN.

THE most picturesque political campaign of this decade is going on in Virginia—a campaign that must resemble in a small way the notable times of Harrison and Jackson. Probably never in that State has there been seen such high political excitement, such an exchange of derision and vituperation, such a resort to every device to stir the pulses and arouse the anger of the people.

The candidates themselves are a fitting centre of the

scene. Fitzhugh Lee, the Democratic candidate for Governor, was the famous leader of the Confederate cavalry, and is a nephew of Robert E. Lee, and a descendant of "Lighthorse Harry." John S. Wise, the Republican candidate, is a son of the eccentric and distinguished Governor Henry A. Wise. Both men are canvassing the State as it has never been canvassed before. Lee gallops from county to county as the cavalry leader, surrounded by a cavalcade of enthusiastic friends, and making his personal appeals for votes with a rude but downright earnestness which challenges both attention and respect. Wise is as brilliant and eloquent as his father was, his tongue keen as a rapier, his brain nimble and fearless. Both have stumped the State from end to end, Wise throwing off speeches that would like a volley of musketry; Lee making his way over almost impassable mountain roads, under a forest of motley flags, the conspicuous figure in a cavalry battalion. Sometimes thousands of men rally on horseback from near and far, with their wives, daughters and sweethearts, also on horses, and escort the "favorite son" to the next county assembly. Unsparring denunciation is indulged in by both sides. Each impeaches the other's sincerity, veracity, intelligence, loyalty and courage. Lee alludes to his competitor as "John S. Wise-acre," and Wise ridicules the horseback performances of "Fitzhugh Smith," likening him to Bombastes and Bobadil. Wise affirms that Lee was plucked at West Point, and Lee retorts that Wise failed to pass his examination at college; and the trouble is that both seem to have proved their allegations. Wise has been challenged twice in a month, but he falls back behind the five duels he has fought, and declines.

In one of his coruscating speeches, Wise imprudently made fun of Ayres, the Democratic nominee for Attorney-general, and called him a "little cart-driver," alluding to the humble occupation of his youth. Thereupon Ayres bought back his little cart, and is riding all over the State on it, labeled, "Here is the Little Cart-driver." Some Democratic paper derided Mahone's "influential teas," whereupon Mahone began a lively campaign of social afternoon gatherings, which are said to be wonderfully effective. On the whole, the Virginia campaign is a battle, scarcely lacking even the sanguinary feature. It is a contest of prejudice and bitterness, of fantastic processions and strange displays, of fireworks and vociferations, of invective and partisan ferocity, that is likely to leave scars upon the State for many years to come. No community can afford to be so savagely shaken up more than once in a lifetime.

### AN ADVANCED INDIAN POLICY.

THE conference of friends of the Indians, lately held at Lake Mohonk, and in which Mr. Oberly, Superintendent of Indian Schools; Senator Dawes, of Massachusetts; General Armstrong, of the Hampton School; Commissioner McMichael, Hon. Erastus Brooks, the Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott, and others, took an active part, set itself to the task of framing a platform of principles and measures that would secure unity of sentiment and action among all intelligent and devoted friends of the Indian cause. Heretofore there has been no little confusion in the movements of those who have wished to aid the cause of Indian civilization. It is time that this confusion should cease, and that all persons really desirous of elevating the Indian should work in harmony upon clearly defined lines of operation.

The platform of the Mohonk Conference, adopted after a thorough comparison of conflicting views, seems to us altogether wise and reasonable. It assumes that the Indian question can never be settled except on principles of justice and equal rights; that in its settlement all property rights of the Indians should be sacredly guarded, and all obligations sacredly fulfilled; that the object of all legislative and executive action hereafter should be not the isolation of Indians, but the abrogation of Indian reservations as rapidly as possible, and the diffusion of the Indians among the people, in order that they may become acquainted with civilized habits and modes of life; that annuities, so promotive of idleness and pauperism, should be discontinued as speedily as possible; that the Indians should be made subject to and protected by the laws of the United States and of the States and Territories where they may reside, and be made citizens at an early day.

To bring about these results, the present system of education should be enlarged, Indian children placed in schools, by compulsion, if necessary, and industrial education be provided for a large proportion of them; the free ration should be abolished as rapidly as possible, and the Indians taught the art of self-support; immediate measures should be taken to break up the system of holding all land in common, and each family should receive a portion of land in severalty; all portions of the Indian reservations not so allotted should be purchased by the Government and thrown open to settlement, and the cash value of the lands thus purchased be set aside as a fund for the benefit of the Indians.

Such, in substance, is the platform adopted by the Conference, and which concludes in these words:

"We thankfully recognize the growing interest taken by the legislative and executive departments of our country in the welfare of the Indians, and the increased desire manifest among our people, West and East, to do them justice; and our thanks are also due to the religious and philanthropic organizations which have fostered this interest and supplemented the work of the Government



by their missionary and educational labors. But we believe what has been done in the past is but a beginning, and that both the Government and individuals must do much more before the debt is paid."

In the course of the discussions of the Conference, Mr. Oberly, the new Indian Commissioner, stated that since entering upon his duties he had found that teachers for the Indians had in many cases been appointed, not for their fitness, but upon political grounds. He said he proposed to break up this abuse as fast as possible, and to make the schools on the reservations more efficient. He believed that only through the schoolhouse could the Indian be led into the light of civilization.

#### ART EDUCATION IN AMERICA.

THE opening for the season of the art schools of New York last week has again directed public attention to the subject of art education in America. It may be truthfully said that the opportunities now offered in all our large cities for the proper study of art are surprisingly good and great, considering the comparative youth of the country, and the fact that knowledge and cultivation only come, as a rule, to a people who have had centuries of civilization behind them, and who dwell in lands filled with the rarest art products of ages. The superficial character and haste of educational methods generally in this country, and which are to some extent concomitants and resultants of the American temperament, for several years affected art education here disastrously. Our artists began to paint before they could draw; sent their canvases to be exhibited and sold before they understood the proper use of color; and, in a word, did not in any sense acquire a thorough art education. The fault lay not so much with them as with their instructors; and these last, again, were not so greatly to blame, for without the means of studying fine-art products, and in a time of little or no art appreciation, they were unable to judge rightly of the necessity of thorough education in their particular department, and were by no means competent judges of their pupils' work. So it came to pass that, with the exception of a few painters, such as Allston, Cole, Durand, Page, Kensett, Gifford and Church, the work of American artists, up till within the last ten or fifteen years, was justly derided and condemned by all persons of real taste and culture in art.

But now we have changed all that. American artists who have studied abroad, young men of energy, experience and ability, have interested themselves in our art schools, and their influence and labors have already brought forth abundant fruit. In New York, the schools of the National Academy, the Art Students' League, and the Gotham Club's art classes, are all excellent institutions, whose pupils can obtain, by diligent work and with the opportunities for study which the numerous art galleries of the city now afford, an art education, thorough and good in every way. There are similar schools in Boston, Philadelphia and Cincinnati, and more are projected in other large cities.

The subject of technical art education and instruction in the minor arts, so-called, has also received much attention in America during the past five years, and most beneficial results have followed the instruction of young people and children in such light trades as hammering brass, stamping leather, modeling clay, turning wood, and other easy employments of the same character, whose product enters into the decorative treatment of houses and interiors. Mr. Charles Godfrey Leland (Hans Breitmann) was the first to start these schools in the United States, in 1882, in Philadelphia. The technical schools of the Metropolitan Museum of Art were organized in New York some three years since, and are now in a flourishing condition; and the Decorative Art Society of this city has lately adopted, chiefly through the exertions of Mrs. William T. Blodgett, the plans of Mr. Leland, and has started classes in the minor arts under the direction of Mr. J. Liberty Tadd, the former and successful director of the Philadelphia schools. These classes may be made a great power for good in the community if poor and deserving people are permitted to avail themselves of their privileges; but if they are simply filled, as seems likely, with wealthy young women who use them as a pastime, they will scarcely be as valuable. The Decorative Art Society must guard against this. With good art and technical schools the young art students of the country can only complain of their own lack of ability or exertion if they fail of success.

#### MR. PARNELL'S 'NEW PARTY.'

THE experiment of holding conventions for nominating Parliamentary candidates in Ireland has proved unexpectedly successful. Indeed, when it is remembered that this is the first time the Irish have ever assembled to use a franchise that is the next thing to manhood suffrage, the harmony and unanimity which have prevailed must be regarded as really remarkable. Three of the most important conventions have already been held—Cork, Wicklow and Dublin—and the result is such as to open up quite a new vista of possibilities for the Irish future. They were of a most representative character, the delegates having been selected with manifest care, and the Catholic clergy attending, by invitation of the Irish Parliamentary Party, as delegates *ex officio*. When Mr. Parnell, who was present at each of the conventions, made his appearance, the assembly rose unanimously, and informally left the nomination of the candidates in his hands. In Cork, where seven candidates had to be selected—for the city, county and boroughs—this smothering of all local prejudice was an extraordinary display of popular self-control and faith in the national leader.

But another surprise, and an equally significant one, is to be found in the character of the candidates already chosen. It seemed natural to conclude that Mr. Parnell had alienated the aristocratic classes in Ireland to whom nationalism used to be hateful, and that he would have to recruit his new party mainly from the uncultivated and penniless multitude. The contrary seems now the more likely prospect. The first Parnellite chosen in convention to contest the County Dublin is an aristocrat of the aristocrats, a man of title and estate, and one whose lineage adds a sort of historic fitness to Mr. Parnell's demand for the restoration of "Grattan's Parliament." This candidate is Sir Thomas Henry Grattan Esmonde, grandson of the great Irish patriot and orator. One of the candidates for Wicklow, Mr. Corbet, is a landlord; and the other, Mr. Byrne, belongs to one of the best families of the county. All the other candidates, so far, are men of education, and many of them are men of property. This shows that the Irish, naturally conservative, are not fond of mere demagogues as their leaders; but it shows more emphatically that the wealthy classes in Ireland are beginning to see that it is their best policy to throw in their lot with the National Party before it is too late.

With the Catholic hierarchy and clergy solid in his support, and with the landed gentry now going over to him, Mr. Parnell will probably have all classes in Ireland represented in his demand for Home Rule when he returns to Westminster after the general election. This would be what neither O'Connell, nor Butt, nor Smith O'Brien, nor any Irish leader before him, was able to accomplish.

#### ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

ACCORDING to the latest dispatches from the East up to the present writing, King Milan's prompt and aggressive action has gained at least a temporary triumph for Serbia. On the 16th instant the Serbian troops, commanded by the King, crossed the Bulgarian frontier near Sharkei, and directed their march towards Sofia. The news of the advance was immediately followed by the announcement that Bulgaria, wishing to avoid the impending war with Serbia, had offered King Milan an adjustment of frontier. It is believed that the town of Widin will be ceded to the latter power. Such an arrangement, which would secure King Milan's throne and gain Serbia's object without the firing of a shot, might be satisfactory so far as the two petty powers themselves are concerned; but Turkey is now thoroughly aroused, and Greece is yet to be heard from, while Austria and Russia look on with jealous eyes. The quick stroke of Serbia, even if it prove itself successful, may be regarded as but a mere incident in the attempted solution of the perplexing problem of the Balkan territory.

It looks as if the Indian Government means to annex Upper Burmah. The immediate pretext is that British traders have been subjected to unjust exactions, and that in one case their property has been confiscated by King Thebaw; but it is obvious that the Indian authorities have been for some time preparing to absorb outright the 200,000 square miles of territory which is still included in the Burmese autonomy. The latest reports state that Earl Dufferin has been given *carte blanche* as to the whole matter, and that British troops are already massing for an advance. There are few who would regret the deposition of the bloodthirsty tyrant who now rules the 4,000,000 people of Burmah; but whether the deliberate destruction of his kingdom would command the unanimous consent of Europe may perhaps be doubted.

The British Parliamentary campaign has increased in interest since Mr. Gladstone openly assumed the Liberal leadership. He has succeeded in adjusting the differences between the several factions of the party, and the Liberal strength will now be concentrated in such a way as to prevent a waste of votes on two or more candidates in the same constituency. Lord Randolph Churchill has issued an address to his constituents, in which he outlines the Tory policy as one of justice and conciliation to Ireland, and of the firm maintenance of British prestige abroad. In Ireland, the Parnellites are displaying great activity. Michael Davitt has given his approval to Parnell's plans. Boycotting has become so general that the Government has determined to prosecute conspicuous offenders.

The statement that the Carolines dispute had been adjusted was premature. The question is still before the Pope and his advisers, who are said to be disposed to admit Spain's sovereignty over the Carolines group, while at the same time deeming Germany's conduct in occupying the Island of Yap excusable, owing to the misapprehension which has existed regarding Spanish occupation of a number of the islands in question.

THE tremendous growth of America cannot be better expressed than by saying that thirty years ago Minneapolis was an Indian reservation, and last week its mills manufactured 175,000 barrels of flour. A man who invested \$500 there in 1860 has just sold out for \$120,000!

THE influence that a belief may have in producing, even in a scientist, the illusion of phenomena, was strangely shown in the case of the seismologist of Rutgers College, a few days ago. This scientist noted at New Brunswick the shock of the Flood Rock explosion one minute after the time appointed for the explosion, and just fifteen minutes before it actually occurred.

ARCHDEACON FARRAR is reported to have recently said that "Ritualism" was increasing in England, "with a strong leaning towards the Church of Rome." Whether the Archdeacon is correctly reported or not, it is probable that such a ritualistic tendency now exists within the English Church. Though the creed of the English Church is very clearly defined, yet it holds within its pale clergymen of the most diverse views. Were the disestablishment of the Church of England to take place, it would at least be productive of one good result, in putting in their true places clergymen who now remain in the Establishment for the sake of the loaves and fishes.

THE Prohibition vote in the late Ohio election was about 25,000, some 40,000 less than the sanguine advocates of the cause expected. Possibly it was reduced by the violence and unfairness of some of the leaders of the movement; but had it been materially larger, it could not have altered the result. In Ohio, at least, the third party movement has been squelched for some time to come. The people have declared explicitly for high license as against prohibition, and no party will dare to tamper with the laws by which that system will be re-established. Temperance men in other States should be warned by the result in Ohio against the independent party folly, which has there resulted so disastrously.

THERE are to be no more great October elections. In war times there were three October States—Pennsylvania, Indiana and Ohio—and these were looked to with feverish anxiety, and were virtually

made the battle-ground of every Presidential election. This was found to be a waste of valuable vital force, and Pennsylvania some years since changed her State election to November. Indiana followed suit. And now Ohio, by the adoption of a Constitutional Amendment, has transferred her great annual struggle to November; so that hereafter our annual political convulsions will be synchronous, and it will be impracticable to "colonize" from State to State. It will be a saving of oratory, of documents, of money, and of that nervous energy of which Americans are proverbially lavish. Matthew Arnold will smile approval.

A good deal of Governor Hill's embarrassment at the present moment results from the fact that he used to edit and publish a newspaper in Elmira. Everything that the newspaper ever printed, which time has proved to have been unwise, is now resurrected from the typographic grave and made to do duty against him. All his ultra-Democratic utterances; all his opinions on the Temperance question, where candidates dearly love to hedge; all his mock philosophy, and all the subtle jokes of his assistants, and even the melancholy rhymes of his local editor—these he now meets face to face in the canvass, seeing some of them for the first time. As Job remarked: "O that mine enemy would edit a country newspaper!"

THERE is trouble in New Mexico. Judge Vincent, President Cleveland's appointee as Chief Justice, selected Stephen W. Dorsey as one of the three commissioners to draw grand and petit jurors for the Territory. On the revelation of the fact, Mr. Cleveland "became quite angry," and peremptorily suspended Judge Vincent, pending investigation. It is alleged that Mr. Dorsey is vastly interested in mining and land claims in the Territory, and that it would not do to intrust the selection of juries to "such a notorious character." Vincent, it is further alleged, is not wholly spotless himself, having been two months in jail last Winter for contempt of court, in having advised certain clients to seize their mine by force, in violation of the judge's order. Mr. Dorsey retorts that he was appointed commissioner simply because he happened to be present when one was needed, that he performed all his duties in fifteen minutes, and that he doesn't own a foot of land which can be affected by anything done in Judge Vincent's court.

THAT was a neat, efficacious and every way commendable method employed by Secretary Lamar, a few days ago, in squelching and otherwise demoralizing and annihilating a young man who personally applied for the position of a telegraph operator, now—and for some time past—satisfactorily held by a woman. While the applicant, armed with ample recommendations, was awaiting the Secretary's pleasure, the latter sent for the woman whom the man desired to displace. In turn the Secretary asked her if she intended to resign, and if her work was so heavy as to require an assistant, the reply to both interrogatories being in the negative. Then, to the young man, the Secretary said: "Do you want to get this lady's place by having her dismissed?" The applicant did not stand upon the order of his going, but "got." From which it would appear that the woman and fair play—not interchangeable terms, however—have a staunch champion in Secretary Lamar, previous reports to the contrary notwithstanding.

THERE is one branch of the public service which is conducted on strict business principles, and wholly independent of partisan considerations. Whether this entirely accounts for its phenomenal efficiency, we do not pretend to say; but the fact certainly has something to do with the result stated. Recent statistics show that from November, 1871, to June, 1884, there were on the New Jersey coast 476 wrecks and other disasters, involving property to the value of \$11,039,071, and a total of 5,629 lives. Of this aggregate, 380 vessels and all but 47 persons were rescued by the men of the Life-saving Stations, while the property saved by them amounted in value to \$10,251,851. That is to say, the average loss of life per year for the past thirteen years on the New Jersey coast has been but a fraction over three per cent., while previous to the establishment of the present system hundreds of lives and millions of dollars' worth of property were lost annually on the New Jersey and Long Island coasts. And all these vast results have been achieved at an expense so small as scarcely to be worthy of consideration in comparison with the benefits they involve.

"I HAVE but one single complaint to make against the newspapers since I became Attorney-general," Mr. Garland is quoted as saying. "Some of the papers accused me of wearing a swallow-tailed coat upon a certain occasion. Now, I was never guilty of anything of the kind in my life, and I feel hurt at the accusation." This may provoke a laugh on the part of the ignorant or the unthinking, but those who suppose this was simply a sample of the Cabinet brand of humor, vintage of '85, are sadly misinformed of the social usages and demands of Arkansas society, of which Attorney-general Garland is an indigenous product and a shining example. A man who kills another in Arkansas has a fair chance for his life; even a horsethief on rare occasions escapes the attentions of a lynching-bee; but no man may wear a plug hat or indulge in a full-dress coat with impunity. Whoever circulated such a story against the integrity of Mr. Garland did a cruel thing, and should be made to suffer for it. The prompt, explicit, comprehensive and manly denial of the foul slander may restore Arkansas's favorite son to the pedestal from which he so narrowly escaped being ignominiously dislodged.

ENOUGH to fill volumes has been written on the subject of "tips," and a great deal more has been said—or thought that was unutterable—on the same subject. Special pay for special service is proper and just; the demand—verbal or understood—for special pay to insure the decent performance of regular duties which are included in another bill, is the point where "tipping" galls and grinds, and produces friction and discomfort without limit. Americans proverbially underdo or overdo everything, and the feeling of servants and waiters is no exception. The new-rich, the ostentatiously vulgar and the ignorant pay too much; the downright mean, a few people from principle, and another class of ignorant folk, pay too little—often nothing at all; it is only the traveled, the experienced and the intelligent who do just the right thing in having a fixed and carefully arranged system of "tips," from which they never vary. Nowhere in the country is the practice more disagreeably honored in the observance than in Chicago. For this reason the "metropolis of the unsalted seas" is an appropriate place in which to inaugurate a reform; and the public will read with pleasure that the proprietors of two of the principal hotels in that city have shut down on the acceptance of "tips" by any of their employes under pain of dismissal. As Chicago has an established reputation for putting through what she sets out to do, the whole country will watch the result of the bold experiment with an interest not unmingled with confidence.



The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 151.



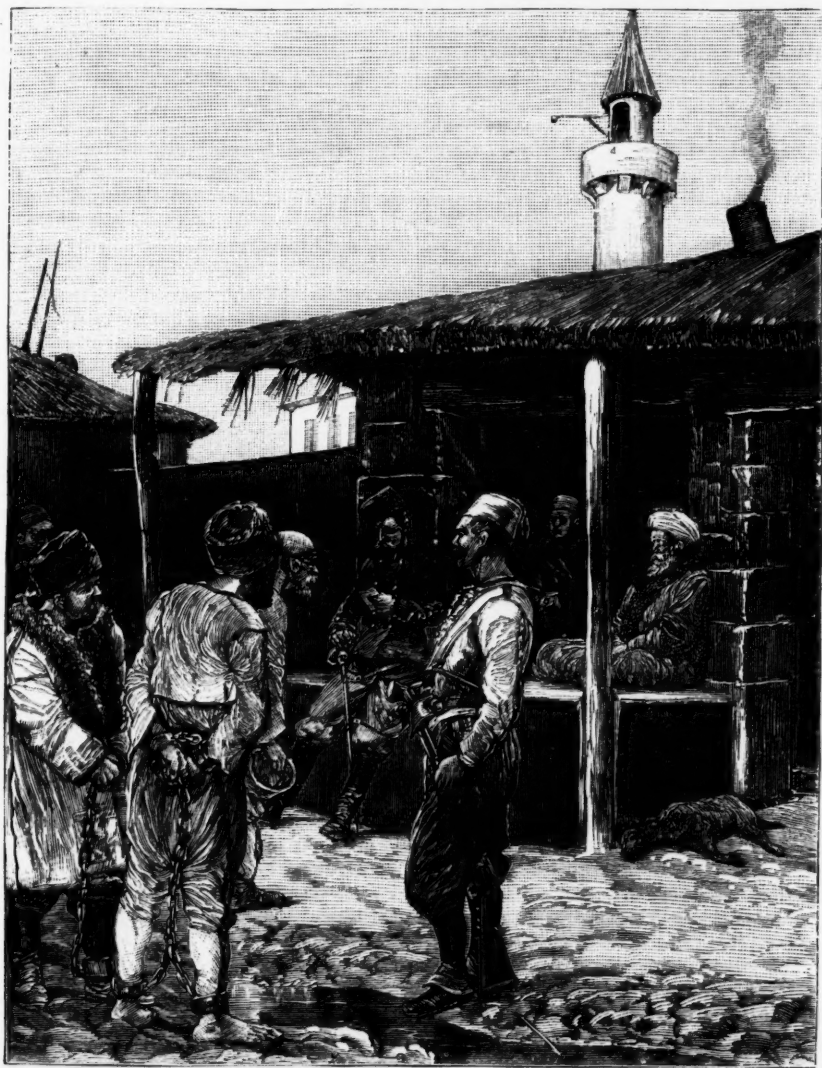
EGYPT.—HOSPITAL AT ABASSIEH, UNDER THE DIRECTION OF ENGLISH SISTERS.



GERMANY.—ANDREAS ACHENBACH, THE EMINENT GERMAN LANDSCAPE-PAINTER.



GREAT BRITAIN.—SUNDAY MEETING OF SOCIALISTS IN DOD STREET, LIMEHOUSE, LONDON.



ROUMELIA.—AN EXAMINATION OF CAPTURED BULGARIAN BANDITS.

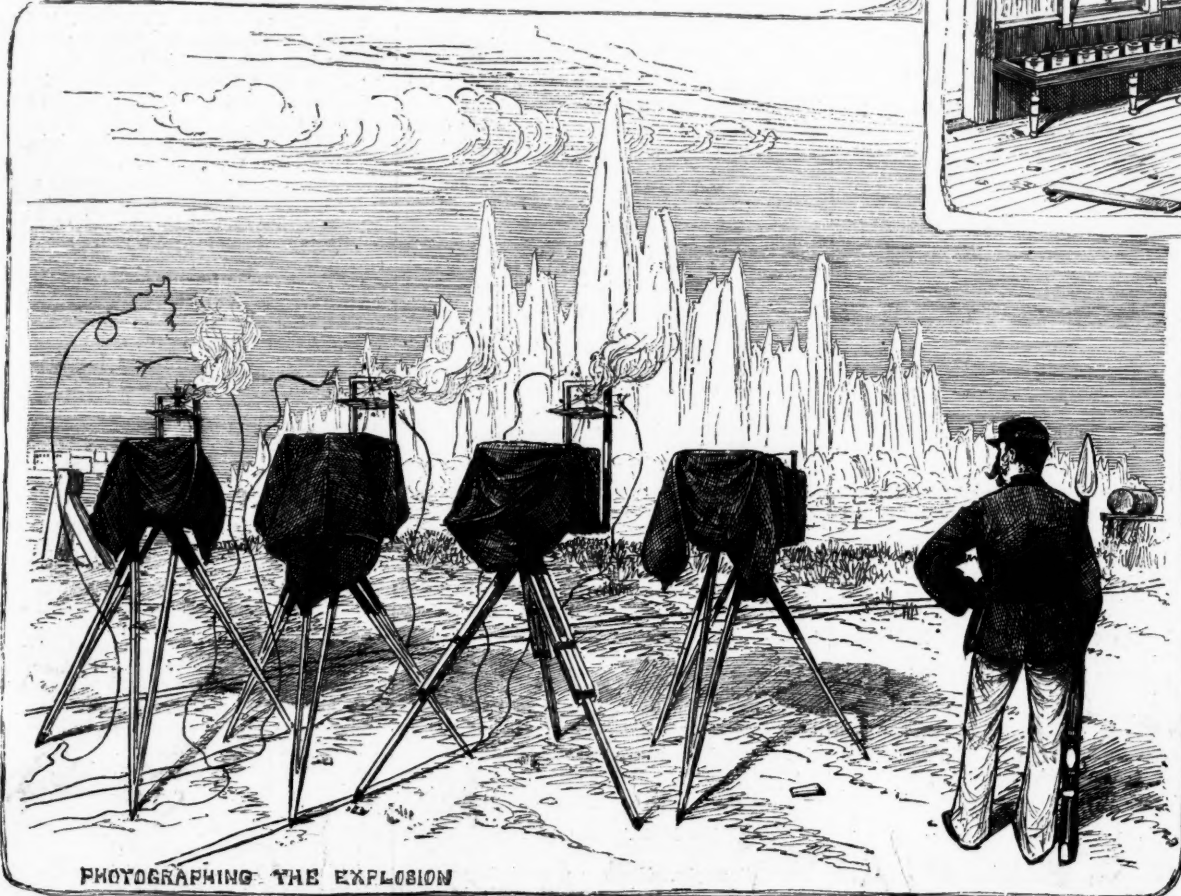
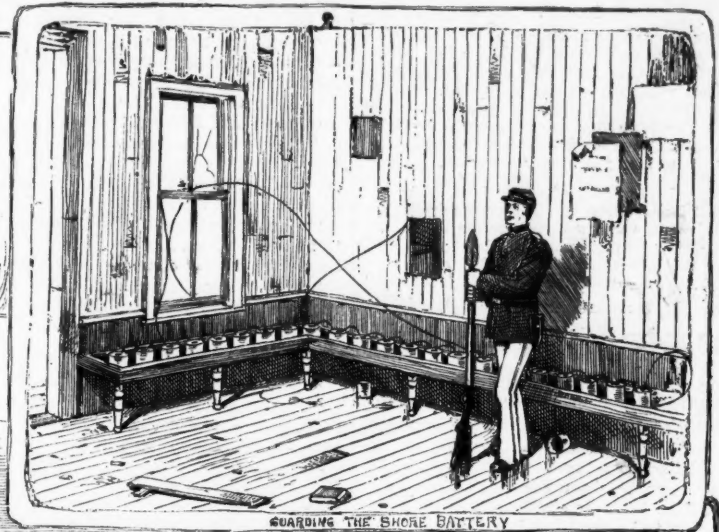


GERMANY.—NEW ETHNOLOGICAL MUSEUM AT BERLIN.

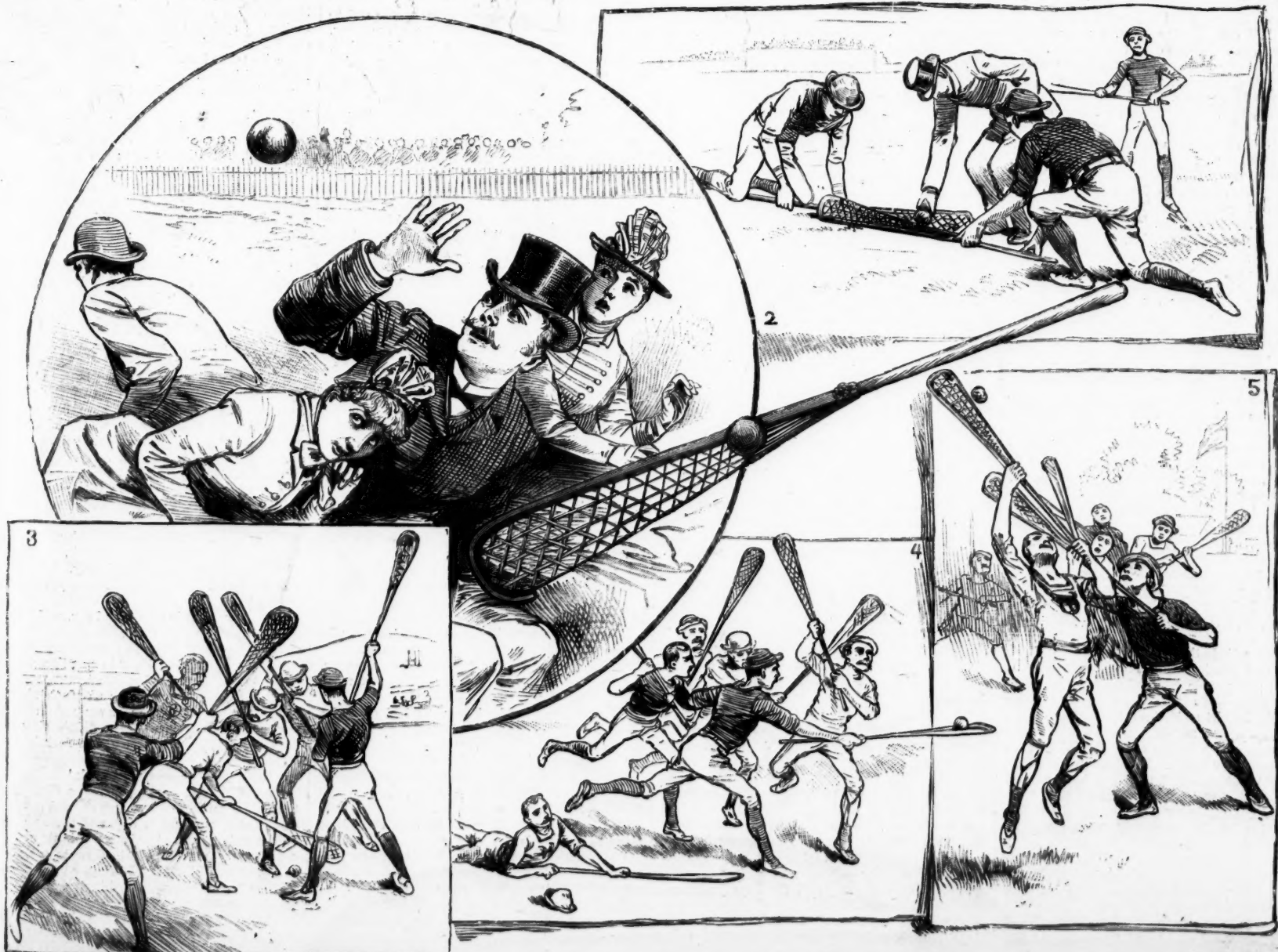


DENMARK.—THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF THE NEW ENGLISH CHURCH AT COPENHAGEN.





NEW YORK.—THE REMOVAL OF THE OBSTRUCTIONS TO NAVIGATION IN THE EAST RIVER—INCIDENTS ATTENDING THE EXPLOSION UNDER FLOOD ROCK, OCTOBER 10TH.  
FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 151.



1. A Wayward Ball. 2. "Facing" the Ball. 3. A "Squabble." 4. A "Run." 5. A "High Catch."

NEW YORK.—THE GAME OF LACROSSE, FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP, PLAYED AT THE CAMP WASHINGTON GROUNDS, STATEN ISLAND, OCTOBER 10TH.



## LOVE.

TO some few hearts Love is an awful thing. It does not steal upon them like the light, Nor like a joyous bird from some far height Float down rejoicing—as the poets sing. But with the tiger's sudden, savage spring, Which leaves no chance of rescue, or of flight, It leaps and grasps them with a cruel might. And shows no mercy for their suffering.

Thro' tangled labyrinths of mysterious Fate It bears its bleeding and half-conscious prey. Subjects it to slow tortures, then devours. A love more cruel than malicious hate; A love that gives no respite, night or day; God help us, dear, for such a love is ours!

## ARMSTRONG'S STORY.

By ELLINOR BROOKE.

ARMSTRONG told his own story as we waited on the platform of the station at Sunflower. I had come in from ten miles away to take the first Eastern-bound train. There had been an accident somewhere down the line, and after the fashion of the leisurely single-track road, there would be no train for three hours more. So I settled myself to wait, and Armstrong waited with me.

It was a radiant Kansas afternoon. All about us lay the rolling prairie, swell after swell of golden green, out to the faint blue hills of the divide that made the sky-line. The steady rush of the south wind seemed to lift and pour great billows of sunshine across the still, green world. Behind us lay the little town—a half-dozen low houses and a store. To the right and left of us stretched the railroad line, its slender threads, holding us to civilization, narrowing down to a point in the long perspective. An empty, shining hemisphere of sunshine and south wind it seemed, looking north across the unfenced levels.

Armstrong's long length lay at ease along the platform. From head to foot he was in plainman's garb—the blouse of blue flannel, the heavy leather-fringed chaparral guards, the jingling Mexican spurs. The wide-brimmed light felt hat—extravagantly fine and soft in this case—was worn with as striking effect as any picturesque canvas bandit's. He was one of the handsomest men I ever saw, broad-shouldered, deep-chested, modeled like some Greek god, and as unconsciously graceful as all perfectly proportioned men always are. He had the clear, steady eyes, the soft, low, almost plaintive voice and slow speech that belong often enough to the men of the lonesome plains and wide, silent cattle-ranges. Straightest shot and hardest rider of all the region round, the last man to take part in a quarrel, and the first, once in it, Milt Armstrong had been in love for once and all, and told his story as simply as if that were the way of the world.

"The first time I saw Maud Alison was here at this station. Some of the boys said a couple of strangers had come by the train. I was waiting for the mail, and I came over to see them.

"Up and down this platform they were walking, a tall young man and a straight slip of a girl. The sun was in my eyes, and he knew me first. It was Tom Alison. I had saved his life two years before, up in the Gunnison country. He had got off the trail and broken his leg when I found him. I packed him into camp, and it was a month before he could move again.

"He told his sister who I was. She slid her hand out of her glove—the littlest bit of a white hand I ever saw in my life.

"I know you very well, Mr. Armstrong," she said, looking straight at me.

"The tears came up in her eyes. They always did if she was pleased or interested about anything. She had wonderful eyes, anyway. They were gray, and as bright and steady as two stars. They had a way of looking straight at you when she talked, as if she saw through and past you into the heart of the thing you were talking about. I don't think a man would be likely to lie much to such a girl as that. And when she smiled, a light seemed to go all over her face. I've seen a good many women—some handsome ones too, with eyes as black as sloes, and teeth as white as a hound's—but never anything like her. She made them all seem—well, as if they were made of coarser stuff. I felt that, the instant I laid eyes on her. I felt it more and more as long as I knew her. The difference was in the way she spoke and talked and looked—in the way she wore her clothes. And they seemed to melt together somehow, the colors and the fashion of them. I've seen women in the towns wearing things like hers, but no more like hers! She had her hair down on her forehead and cut short, but somehow it seemed all right for her.

"She was a little thing, not up to her brother's shoulder, and she had the white, clear look that almost all you people from the East have when you first come—it's the ocean fogs, perhaps; anyway, she looked as if the first blast of one of our northerners would finish her. But I've found that it doesn't always take a big-limbed, strong-voiced woman for pluck. I've known girls that could shoot and ride and handle a herd as well as a man—who didn't fear anything on top of the earth—and not one of them could have done what she did. It's blood, I suppose. Such a girl as that will go till she drops.

"Alison said they had come out to spend the winter. They were going to rough it on Morrison's Ranch. The New England winters were getting too much for them.

"I had a big herd on Deadwood that fall, and was not going to the mountains till spring. I told them so.

"We shall be neighbors," I said.

"And being neighbors means what?"

"The next section—only two miles."

"Then, when I want to borrow anything for

my housekeeping, I shall have Tom take me over in the big wagon and get a load all at once."

"She looked at me with a laugh in her eyes—a friendly, happy laugh—and I said, without thinking:

"Take all I have, Miss Alison."

"I meant it. I felt as if nothing in my shanty, or in anyone else's, was half good enough for her. I took off my hat when I said it, and she seemed confused, and looked at her brother as if she did not know what to say next.

"You are not used to Western ways," he said. "Milt really means that he'd like you to go over, some day, and clean out his establishment."

"That's about the size of it," I said, as earnestly as I could. I wanted her to feel that she had some one in the country to depend on. She laughed a little, and put out her hand again. She seemed to understand as I meant her to.

"I'm sure you do," she said.

"They were waiting for a wagon to come for them, and I rode away and left them. I went out of my way round by the Morrison Ranch, to see what kind of a place they were going to take her to. They had put a couple of rooms on the old log shanty, and there was a carpet on one floor, and curtains to the windows, and a good many things that men don't want round. It looked a good deal more comfortable. At least it was more like what a woman would like.

"There wasn't much of the time, day nor night, after that, that I didn't have her in mind. I shall always think that the Lord never made many women like her. She had little dainty ways of doing things, whether it was making biscuit or sewing, that nobody else ever had. And she always wore soft white fresh things about her neck, that looked as if they were just ready to melt away into a cool foam.

"I taught her to ride, after a while. She had been to a riding-school at home, she told me, and after she got over the tricks they had taught her there, she made one of the prettiest riders that ever got into a saddle. Her brother bought her a slashing big black horse, all fire and nerve, and she spent hours on his back. She used to go off alone, and one day I took up Tom's pistol, and said to her:

"You ought to know how to use this thing, Miss Maud."

"She gave me a long, steady look—a kind of surprised question—at first. Then it seemed as if she understood. She wasn't a girl who wasted words or asked many questions.

"Very well," she said, in her soft, pleasant voice.

"And after that there was always a revolver in the saddle-pocket. She never spoke of it, nor did I, but I always thought I should hate to stand in the way of it if she had to use it.

"It went on so for a month, and it was October. You know what the falls are here, when it seems as if the yellow of the corn-fields was the sunshine that had soaked in all summer. And between the golden-rod and the sunflowers—I've seen acres of them growing so close together and so tall that a man on horseback could easily enough be lost among them—it seems as if there would never be any end to daylight and sunshine. And the sunshine is soft, and the wind seems like a warm ocean, and we just living at the bottom of it. She was out of doors all the time, and she was as brown as a berry, and the red showed in her cheeks. I never saw one who loved the country any better than she did. I was raised here myself, and I've spent my life between this and the mountains. They are grand, they make a man feel as if the little troubles of living were not to be thought of; but I always come back to the plains contented.

"She used to lie in a hammock they had swung in a bit of porch they had put up, and sing. There was an old hymn that seemed as if it had been made for the country:

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood  
Lie dressed in living green;  
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,  
While Jordan rolled between."

Only I've always thought, if Moses had looked over a Kansas valley in May or September, he'd have entered whether or no.

There everlasting Spring abides,  
And never-fading flowers."

"You've heard a mocking-bird singing on a moonlight night? She had a voice like that—a kind of dreamy, tender sound in it—and she sang little bits of old-fashioned tunes. I've heard since that, when she was at home, she used to sing at concerts in their big halls, and there was always a lot of money paid to hear her.

"The boys on my place found it out after a while, and they came to me with a plan they had talked over. If they would chip in and go into town and buy an organ, would Miss Alison play it for them? And would I go over and ask her?

"I went over, of course. And when I told her what I had come for, she brightened up all at once.

"Tell the boys I will, of course, and shall be very glad, and I went off with the message.

"It wasn't three days before they had bought the biggest machine of the kind they could find in Gopher City. I told her in the morning it was coming, and she was ready for us. She had on a frock of black silk, with a skirt that reached half way across the floor, and buttons down the front like little glints of fire. And in among the lace around her throat, and in her belt, were bunches of Spanish-needles—flowers as yellow as gold. She was like a picture, and the boys just stood and looked at her.

"They got it out and set it where she told them, and then she sat down to it.

"Not too high-toned, you know," I whispered to her, and she laughed out a delicious little laugh. She played everything, and by-and-by she sang, and before long she had some of them singing with her. After that there was scarcely

a night that some of them—or perhaps all of them—wasn't there. She never seemed to get bored nor out of patience, and she always dressed herself as if they were worth being pretty for. She seemed to know just what to say, and she never took notice of their talk nor used it herself. She got them to singing hymns after a while—not the slow, solemn sort, but tunes with a ring and swing to them—like marching music, or even the dancing kind. I shouldn't wonder if some of those hymns were sung yet at night out on the big drives, when your herd is restless, and there may be a stampede any minute, and all you can do is to ride—ride all night round them, making any kind of a noise that won't frighten them, and yet will let them know there's a human being near them. It's wonderful how much confidence brute beasts have in men's ability to help them in trouble.

"Just about that time I was out with my herd on the range by the creek one day, well on towards night, when I saw a man coming down the trail. It only took a half-look to show that his horse was played out. He was covered with sweat and foam, and his ears were swinging, and he stumbled every few steps. When he came near me, the man spoke:

"I'm Dick Granger, of Harwood County. It's a matter of life and death for me to catch that next train East. Let me have your horse and I'll leave him at Jones's stables, and you can bring this one and get him."

"I knew Granger well enough by reputation—the owner of the biggest stock farm in the country. I was on a roan mustang worth about half of his. I said Yes, and got down. He didn't wait to change saddles, but was off as hard as Rodney could go.

"Somehow, after all, I didn't like the looks of it. I hadn't any reason for thinking things were not all on the square, but I did think so. Early next morning I went into town, and to Jones's stables. The horse had picked up through the night, and I rode him in. There was a little crowd of men round a written handbill on the wall, and as I went in they all turned and looked at me.

"Well, the end of it was that in ten minutes I was under arrest for horse-stealing. The notice on the wall was a description of the horse and of myself as the supposed thief.

"Who left that thing here? I asked, before they snapped the handcuffs on.

"One of Granger's men."

"Come in on a roan mustang, didn't he, in a hurry to catch the train East? That mustang's mine, and I'm Milt Armstrong, from Jordan's Ranch."

"Well, maybe. You can prove it if you are, and it's best to make sure. There's been a heap too much of this business in the last three months!"

"There had been—that was a fact—and men don't fool much with horse-thieves in the new country. I got a man to take a note out to Alison, and I suppose I worded it pretty strong. After that I found myself locked up in the jail.

"It was pretty well along towards morning when I heard the tramp and hum of a crowd outside. I didn't need any telling—I knew all about it all at once. Judge Lynch was out and after me.

"Well, they got me. I don't think any one tried to help it very much. They didn't make many words about it. They had made up their minds beforehand, and they struck straight out for the river bottoms and the timber. I reckoned it was all over. There was a gray light in the sky in the east, and I wondered if they would get through by sunrise.

"Curious how a man's mind works. I thought of some business matters I wished I had settled, and some plans about the cattle that I ought to have explained to the boys, and I wished I had seen Maud Alison once more, just as I might have done if I had been going on a sudden journey without saying good-by. I wasn't conscious of noticing it at the time, but I know now just how full Rock Creek was as we forded it, and wondering if there would be high water on the bottoms. And I know the maker's name inside the slouched black felt hat that the driver of the wagon that carried me wore—Hiram Sneyd—and the pattern on his vest-buttons—a frog jumping through a hoop.

"There's no use in going over the preliminaries—there weren't many. They drove the wagon up under a great walnut, took out the horses, and I was up in the end of it with a noose round my neck, and the end of it over a limb, and plenty of hands hold of the wagon-shafts, waiting for the signal. I had lost my hat, and there had not been time for my coat and boots.

"There was a man in the wagon with me, who seemed to have charge of the ceremonies.

"We want to do the square thing, stranger. If you want to leave word for anybody, you can just give it to me."

"I shook my head. The rope had slipped a little, I reckon; anyhow, I hadn't much breath to answer with.

"Better go ahead? All ready?"

"Some of those about the wagon gave a grim nod. None of them looked at me. And then I heard the clatter of a horse's hoofs. Somebody was riding hard. Everybody's face turned, as mine did, towards the sound.

"It was a woman, and in a breath I knew what woman. And how she was riding! Straight as an arrow in the saddle; hands low and reins swinging loose, after a fashion she had of giving the horse his head. She came up at a dead run, straight into the crowd. Then she pulled up, and they let her go through. She came up to the side of the wagon, swung round with a turn of the wrist, and faced them all.

"She had on a rough gray dress, with a little bit of red at the throat of it, and she rode the big

black. She sat there a half-minute without a bit of color in her face, and her eyes staring wide open. Then she said:

"Men, you are making a mistake. This man is Milton Armstrong, from Jordan's Ranch."

"She spoke very coolly, not loud; but there was not a bit of tremble in her voice. I think they all heard her. It was very quiet, only a little stir on the edge, where men were trying to get nearer. "The first sunshine struck her as she sat there. She pushed back her hat and leaned forward a little.

"Some of you must know me. I am Maud Alison, from Morrison's Ranch."

"Nobody spoke. She looked from face to face with a kind of wistful pleading.

"Can you give us half an hour?" to the man who stood on the wagon beside me. "My brother will be here with proof in that time."

"There was a frightened tremble in her voice, a desperate clutching at the last chance; but her lips were steady.

"Half an hour was long enough to bring down the sheriff and a posse, and take justice out of their hands. But a horsethief-hanging crowd is not, as a general thing, a bloodthirsty crowd. They want justice, and they want it on the spot; but they are willing to give a man a show. They agreed to wait half an hour.

"I stood there with the rope around my neck. I never want to go through such another waiting as that. There wasn't much talking done by anybody. A bird lighted in the tree over my head, and kept calling. There were just about three notes in it, and he kept going over and over it till I thought it would drive me crazy. I don't believe Miss Alison loved a muscle except once, when she looked up at me and smiled.

"That came nearer to breaking me down than anything else. There was such a pitiful sort of bravery in her white face and wide-open eyes. She was trying to keep my heart up, you see.

"It wasn't the half of half an hour, I suppose, before we heard wheels coming, and coming fast. Tom Alison stood up and waved his hat as they drove into sight, and then there was a general stir.

"I heard three of the pleasantest short speeches that a man ever listened to, that morning.

"The President of the Gopher City Bank introduced himself after his smooth fashion. Everybody knew him, and everybody knew, too, about the team of grays he had lost.

"You know me, gentlemen. You have made a mistake. This man is Milton Armstrong, from Jordan's Ranch," which was gentlemanly, considering he had never set eyes on me before.

"Then it was Alison's turn:

"I am Tom Alison. I am living on Morrison's. If you want this man, Milton Armstrong, I agree to produce him any time within a month. Mr. Forsythe—that was the President—will answer for me."

"He looked dangerous. He had a trick of throwing his head back and looking out from under his eyelids in a haughty sort of way. He stood there a minute, as if waiting for an answer. Then he turned and cut the rope on my wrists. Nobody objected.

"And then the Sheriff of Harwood County took his turn.

"You're making blank fools of yourselves," he said, pleasantly. "I've got the man you want—caught him two hours ago; got him where you won't get him, either."

"There was all at once a stir, a kind of swaying movement towards the road to the town. You see, I had a place where I could see all that went on. Then some one said:

"Three cheers for the lady!"

"You might have heard those cheers a mile. She gave a little start when they began, and then her head went back like a deer, and a kind of scornful curl went over her lips. It was gone in a second, and she bowed a little—just a proud little bend of the neck. But the color did not come back into her face, and she did not look at us.

"They had to pass her to get back to the road, and a good many of them took off their hats as they went by. She did not raise her eyes, not even when the sheriff went up and said, 'You've got the sand, miss. You've saved a man's life,' and turned away bareheaded.

"And all that while I had the rope around my neck. When it was all over I turned weak and sick somehow, and didn't care whether the thing was on or off. And I suppose the others had not thought of it. I went and stood by Miss Alison, laying my hand on her horse's neck. I wanted to touch something alive and friendly. I don't mind owning that I felt as much like crying as I ever expect to.

"She gave a little smothered cry, and bent out of her saddle towards me. Then she had the noose off, somehow, and I was in the wagon without coat or hat or shoes, going back to town to get something to wear and my breakfast.

"She didn't seem to care so much about the country after that. She never rode alone any more, and the boys said she didn't sing as she used to. Then one day, about a fortnight afterwards, she said to me:

"I am going home next week."

"She had been singing for me a German song that I liked the tune of, and she did not look at me. It was a hot, still day, and there was a horrible ringing in my head for a minute or two. I got up and went towards the door to get a breath of air. Then I thought I might as well go home. I knew I couldn't say anything. My throat was too hot and dry.

"Three or four days after that I was out on the range, when I saw her coming. I was lying on the grass, with Rodney's lariat rope in my hand, and I got up and stood when I saw her coming. She slid out of her saddle when she was close by, and walked up to me. She was pale, but she looked me square in the face.



"I came to say that my friends have come for me. We are going day after to-morrow. And I thought, perhaps, you would rather say good-by here than there."

"It flashed over me all at once who her friends were. I don't blame women for screaming when things go wrong. I got myself together again after a minute, and said:

"No, Miss Maud, I want to come and see if— if he's worthy of you."

"She gave a little dry sob at that, and turned towards her horse. I lifted her into the saddle, and then I bent down and kissed a fold of her dress as it hung over the pommel."

"I went up the next night and saw him. He was soft-voiced and white-handed, and he talked with a curious, tired sort of drawl; but he looked me in the eyes, and his hand had a grip that meant muscle. And he had an honest, frank way with him, and his eyes followed Miss Alison every time she moved."

He stopped, and the Summer silence dropped round us. Only the ceaseless rush of the wind, like the sound of an airy, viewless ocean, filled the world.

"And you never saw her again?" I forced myself to ask.

"She died—in a year," he said, softly.

Down the long perspective came the belated train. We sat and watched it in silence till it neared the station. Then there was the bustle of departure, and looking back, I saw him standing, a heroic figure in the wide, bright stillness, and knew that the world held one man whose past would consecrate his future with absolute loyalty to the memory of a woman.

#### THE FLOOD ROCK EXPLOSION.

ADDITIONAL sketches published this week present some interesting details concerning the blowing up of Flood Rock in the Hell Gate, on the 10th instant. The electric connections by means of which the dynamite mine was exploded are shown, together with the ingenious arrangement which secured the instantaneous exposure of sensitive photographic plates in three cameras placed close to the scene of the explosion. A cartridge, exploded simultaneously with the mine, severed the silken thread upon which the slides of the cameras were suspended. The slides were thus opened and closed in two seconds, and perfect negatives obtained without risk on the part of the operator.

The success of the explosion in shattering the great rock appears to be confirmed. The small portion which remained visible above the water has sunk gradually from day to day, and is now out of sight. The two "Nigger Heads" close by are also settling, and are deeply fissured. A superficial survey is being made by Surveyor Kinley and Lieutenant Derby, and will occupy a fortnight or more. Divers will be constantly employed to examine the deeper parts of the reef, and determine at what points the most satisfactory work has been accomplished. Already the locality of several eddies which have existed for centuries has been altered, and the surface of the water is less disturbed about the rock than before the explosion. Lieutenant Derby says: "I am not at all surprised at what my diver reports. The most doubtful point was in the west channel around the 'Nigger Heads.' The diver has been down there three times, and has pretty well explored the place. He says that the surface rock, or roof of the tunnel, is in large blocks, and that the bed-rock is shattered in little pieces. This is what we wanted, and is what we expected. Instead of the top rocks, which are in big blocks, being a bother to us, they are easier to handle than the smaller ones. Our dredges can pick up pieces weighing ten or fifteen tons, and do it faster than the 'spoon' can work in soft clay or sand. On the whole I would much prefer to clear the reef of the big blocks than dredge for the smaller stuff."

#### THE CHAMPION LACROSSE-PLAYERS.

THE Camp Washington Grounds, on Staten Island, presented a bright picture on Saturday, the 10th instant, on the occasion of the contest between the champion lacrosse team of Canada and the New York team. The Ladies' Club for Outdoor Sports was well represented on the terraces; many well-known lacrosse-players were also present as spectators of the play. The Canadians won by a clean score of three straight games. We depict some of the scenes of the day on page 149.

#### PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

##### BRITISH MILITARY HOSPITAL AT ABASSIEH.

This hospital is a reminiscence of England's recent disastrous military operations in Egypt. Many a trooper returning from the campaign wounded, or stricken with one of the modern plagues of Egypt, has almost felt recompensed for his sufferings by the tender care of the English nurses in the well-organized hospital at Abassieh.

##### ANDREAS ACHENBACH.

Andreas Achenbach, whose seventieth birthday was celebrated at Düsseldorf on the 29th ult., is the leading German landscape-painter of his time, and one of the great European painters of the century. He was born in Cassel, studied at Düsseldorf under Schirmer and Schadow, and at eighteen produced meritorious works. He afterwards traveled through many parts of Europe, and his Norwegian, Alpine and Italian landscapes are impressed with a fine poetic feeling. He has also produced some superb marine pictures. As a painter of the sublime and savage aspects of nature, his rank is deservedly eminent. His works are well known in the United States, and several important ones are owned here. One of Achenbach's sons is the renowned operatic tenor whose *nom de théâtre* is Max Alvary.

##### SOCIALISM IN LONDON.

Mr. William Morris, the distinguished poet, artist and Socialist, who was arrested in London on the occasion of a recent collision between the police and the radical body with which he has associated himself, said, in answer to an inquiry: "The working-people who form the Socialist bodies do not hire halls, because they cannot afford to do so; and they do not confine them-

selves to the parks, because they cannot there reach all the classes of people whom they wish to reach." Therefore, on Sundays, they go to Dod Street, a short thoroughfare of moderate breadth, lined with warehouses, and leading out of the Burdett Road, Limehouse. For some years past crowds—religious, political, and otherwise—have been in the habit of holding meetings every Sunday in that street. Last July a zealous—possibly over-zealous—inspector of police caused a member of the Socialist body to be arrested on the charge of creating an obstruction, and he was taken before a magistrate and fined. Since then several arrests have been made, notably on Sunday, the 20th ult., when eight persons were arrested and convicted. As the Socialists and their various democratic allies declared that on the following Sunday they would again assemble and brave the penalties of the law, it was feared that serious riots would ensue, and that much ill-feeling would be created. But the matter had now reached the ears of the world at large, and public opinion almost unanimously decided that, without reference to the special doctrines preached by the Socialists, they ought not to be forbidden from gathering together in the open air, provided that they caused no real obstruction. Now Dod Street, on Sundays, practically leads from nowhere to nowhere. So it came to pass that the Home Secretary issued a ukase, ordering the police to let the orators and their listeners alone so long as they caused no obstruction to traffic.

##### BULGARIAN BANDITS IN EASTERN ROUMELIA.

Our picture represents a scene characteristic of the region which the Powers undertook to parcel out and mark with boundaries when the Berlin Treaty was signed. Gypsies, Bulgarians, Albanians, Greeks, and other races more or less given to brigandish practices, are represented along these unstable frontiers by the worst specimens of their class. Lawlessness prevails, and raids are frequent. When caught, the offenders are usually dealt with in a crude and summary manner. In the present instance a group of brutal-looking Bulgarian bandits have been brought before the officers of the law in a Roumelian town; and, unless bribery or terrorism intervene, the culprits are likely to be shot or hung ere another night closes round the village roofs and minarets.

##### THE BERLIN ETHNOLOGICAL MUSEUM.

The recently erected Ethnological Museum in Berlin is certainly a unique institution. It stands on the corner formed by the junction of Zimmer and Königgratz Streets, between the Anhalt and Potsdam Railway Station. The plan was designed by the architects Ende and Böckman, who have already enriched Berlin with so many beautiful buildings. The central building is twenty-five metres high, the two wings extending down each street being ninety metres long. Both wings have independent entrances, while the staircases lead to the rotunda, which has a glass roof, in the central building. In its rear is an open courtyard. The basement will be devoted to the prehistoric, the first and second stories to the ethnological, and the third to the anthropological collection. The foundation was begun on December 23d, 1880, and the Museum will be open to the public daily next year. The total cost is upwards of two million marks (about \$500,000).

##### A NEW ENGLISH CHURCH AT COPENHAGEN.

An interesting and important feature of the recent visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to Copenhagen was the laying of the foundation-stone of a new English Episcopal church in that capital, on the 19th ult. The ceremony took place with great solemnity, in the presence of all the members of the Danish royal family at present in Copenhagen, the Corps Diplomatique, the members of the English colony in the Danish capital, and a great concourse of people. The Prince and Princess of Wales were received by the architect of the church, Mr. Blomfield. Mr. Monson, the British Ambassador, then handed the Princess a silver trowel, and requested her to perform the ceremony. The Princess, with her own hands, spread the cement on the stone, which was then duly laid, the Princess striking the stone three times. The Prince then struck the stone, saying: "In the faith of Jesus Christ we fix this stone on this foundation, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. We trust that inside the walls that shall be built hereupon, and be called by the name of St. Albans, the true faith may be preached, the sacraments properly administered, and this place for ever be devoted to pious prayers and hymns, to the honor of our Lord Jesus Christ." The church, which will be built in Anglo-Gothic style of flint and sandstone, will be 100 feet in length and 23 feet in width inside, having seats for about 250 people. The amount of funds as yet subscribed is about \$40,000, of which half has been subscribed in England. The stained-glass windows will be very fine, costing \$5,000.

#### QUEER PRETZELS.

THE San Francisco *Chronicle* says: "San Francisco possesses a number of important bread-making establishments. The ordinary reader undoubtedly knows something in a general way about the baker's art, but in a cosmopolitan city there are about as many varieties of the staff of life as there are nationalities. The pretzel is peculiar to the German table, and perhaps the process of preparing it is less familiar in this country than that of any other article of food. Flour, yeast, water, and a great deal of salt, are the sole ingredients of which the dough out of which the pretzel is evolved is composed. It is tough and heavy, and after having been well kneaded is placed in great heaps on a long table in front of the workmen. They grab it by handfuls, roll it out in long, thin strips, and then curl and tie it up into the queer shapes in which it makes its appearance in beer-saloons and on cheap lunch-counters. A journeyman baker is expected to make one pretzel every two seconds. After it has assumed its definite form it is laid upon a wooden rack in the middle of the room. Rack after rack is filled, and they are piled one above another. Each one contains 100 pretzels. One thousand are generally prepared for the oven before the baking begins. The ovens are of enormous size. The pretzels are baked very thoroughly, and are regarded as especially wholesome for this reason.

"Then comes the most singular part of the process. Racks, charged with pretzels, are dipped in a weak solution of lye, the effect of which is to give to their surface a bright and glossy appearance. After being thickly sprinkled with salt, they are ready for sale. Those that are intended for shipment, or to be kept for some time, undergo an additional process. They are placed in a steam-box, and remain there for two or three

hours. This sort of cure makes them proof against mold or souring for months. One of the greatest peculiarities of pretzels is their salty taste, and they conduce to the greater consumption of beer. But so much salt is used simply for the purpose of preventing them from becoming stale. They are a favorite part of the rations of the Prussian Army."

#### THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

A NEW art school, at which pupils will have tuition free, has been established in Paris with the proceeds of a legacy.

THERE is a qualitative test for butter so simple that any housewife can put it into successful practice. A clean piece of white paper is smeared with a little of the suspected butter. The paper is then rolled up and set on fire. If the butter is pure, the smell of the burning paper is rather pleasant; but the odor is distinctly tallowy if the "butter" is made up wholly or in part of animal fats.

In the *British Medical Journal*, Dr. Fothergill says that a patient dying of exhaustion is generally dying of starvation. "We give him beef tea, calf's-foot jelly, alcohol, seltzer and milk; that is, a small quantity of the sugar of milk and some fat. But the jelly is the poorest sort of food, and the beef tea is a mere stimulant. The popular belief that beef tea contains 'the very strength of the meat' is a terrible error; it has no food value."

DURING the month of August enormous swarms of ants passed over the town of Solothurn in Switzerland. They came from the Jura Mountains, and formed a cloud, consisting of seventy-five perpendicular columns, in which the ants circled in spiral form. The swarm lasted for twenty minutes, the height of the cloud being upwards of ninety feet. Millions of them fell to the ground, however, without making any visible change in the phenomenon.

M. ELTNER proposes the following simple method of determining the value of leather employed as belting. A cutting of the material about .03 of an inch in thickness is placed in strong vinegar. If the leather has been thoroughly acted upon by the tannin, and is hence of good quality, it will remain for months even immersed without alteration—simply becoming a little darker in color. But, on the contrary, if not well impregnated by the tannin the fibres will quickly swell, and, after a short period, become transformed into a gelatinous mass.

At the recent French Conference for the Advancement of Science some interesting experiments were made on hysterical patients with drugs, which were not actually administered, but were placed at the back of the patient's head, and were used without their knowledge. Under these circumstances opium produced sleep, alcohol caused drunkenness, and absinthe brought on paralysis of the legs. In women, camphor gave rise to religious ecstasy, and in men, convulsions. Many drugs were employed, and all of them gave their characteristic effects, though they were all contained in vials or wrapped in paper.

AN asbestos mine exists on the spur of a hill about two miles from Gundagai, New South Wales, in which the lode has been driven upon for a distance of ninety feet, and a shaft one hundred feet deep has also been sunk. The mineral occurs in a serpentine formation similar to quartz veins, and is mined in the same manner. The material is very abundant, and is stated to be of as good quality as any in the world. The shareholders have started an asbestos manufactory, in which they propose to work up asbestos for various purposes; amongst others, for the manufacture of a fire-proof paint. On the same property another mass of asbestos has been discovered and worked in connection with gold. The lode is peculiar in character, and with one or two minor exceptions is almost identical with the famous Lucknow lode, which has proved so rich in gold.

COCAINE, which has proved a useful remedy for such a variety of ills, is now claimed as a preventive of seasickness by a Russian physician, M. Manassein, in St. Petersburg. Having had occasion to make several journeys this Summer, he took with him some cocaine. He did not have a sufficient quantity to make his experiments on a large scale, but on all those to whom it was given it had an almost magical effect. One couple who had always suffered extremely from seasickness took some of the cocaine, and for the first time in their lives remained well, even during forty-eight hours of very stormy weather. A girl of eighteen who had been very ill for twenty-four hours received six spoonfuls, when her appetite returned and she was completely restored. Dr. Manassein has also discovered in cocaine an effective remedy for cholera nostras; and it seems probable that this new drug may prove useful in Asiatic cholera.

#### DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

OCTOBER 10TH.—In Hatborough, Pa., William H. Yerkes, Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, Philadelphia. OCTOBER 11TH.—In Elizabeth, N. J., the Rev. Dr. John Murray Forbes, formerly Dean of the General Theological Seminary of the Episcopal Church, aged 78 years. OCTOBER 12TH.—In New Haven, Conn., Charles W. Bradley, proprietor of the Florence House, aged 53 years; in London, Eng., John P. Howard, of Burlington, Vt., known for numerous benefactions and charities; in Washington, D. C., Mrs. Josephine C. Logan, a well-known singer and music-teacher. OCTOBER 13TH.—In Glen Cove, L. I., Dr. George Alt Müller, a prominent physician, aged 78 years; in Rome, Italy, the Rev. Father Giacomo, confessor of Count Cavour, aged 77 years; in Boston, Mass., Edward F. Leighton, Boston manager of the Baltimore and Ohio Telegraph Co. OCTOBER 14TH.—In Monterey, Cal., Henry W. Shaw ("Josh Billings"), aged 65 years; in Columbus, O., B. E. Smith, formerly a prominent banker and railway man; in Sing Sing, N. Y., the Rev. Alexander Watson, an old minister of the Reformed Church, aged 79 years; in New York, Dr. Frederick August Heinrich Behncke, of Hanover, Germany, aged 45 years. OCTOBER 15TH.—In Huntington, L. I., Rufus Prime, well known in New York business and social circles, aged 80 years; in Corry, Pa., Renben Bullman, a noted architect and designer, aged 52 years; in Brooklyn, N. Y., George C. Spencer, an old and well-known wholesale grocer, aged 73 years; in Havana, Cuba, Francisco Gay, one of the founders of the Autonomist Party. OCTOBER 16TH.—In Brooklyn, N. Y., Charles H. Glover, a well-known New York lawyer, aged 52 years; in London, Eng., Field-marshal the Right Hon. Hugh Henry Rose, Baron Strathairn, G.C.B., aged 82 years.

#### PERSONAL GOSSIP.

MME. NILSSON has been decorated with Russian and Danish Orders.

THE report of the death of Osman Digna is confirmed by late Soudanese advices.

PRESIDENT GRÉVY has officially announced that he will enter the coming contest for the French Presidency.

THE American botanist Caspar Wistar gave the name to the plant that is commonly misspelled "wisteria."

MR. BLAINE and his family will not take a house in Washington this Winter, but will remain in Augusta, where Mr. Blaine will work on his book.

JUDGE DENNY, formerly United States Consul-general at Shanghai, is to enter the service of the Korean Government as foreign adviser to the court at Seoul.

It is understood that the sentence of death passed on Louis Riel, the leader of the half-breed rebellion in Canada, will be commuted to life-long servitude.

EDWARD RICHARDSON, of Mississippi, the king of cotton-planters, owns plantations in the Mississippi Valley that in antebellum days were valued at nearly \$12,000,000.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL will conduct two courses of instruction in Harvard during the present year. One will be in Spanish, on Cervantes ("Don Quixote"); the other, in Italian, on Dante.

MISS ANNIE LONGFELLOW, oldest daughter of the poet, was married to Oswald Thorpe, a brother of Mrs. Ole Bull, at the old Cragie mansion in Cambridge, Mass., on Wednesday of last week.

A CABLEGRAM announces the death at London of John P. Howard, who built the main building of the University of Vermont, erected the statue of Lafayette on the grounds, and was also the benefactor of public charities to the extent of \$250,000.

It is announced upon authority that Mr. John A. Kasson, of Iowa, has begun the preparation of his long-projected work on the diplomatic history of the United States during the late war. This is a needed work, which Mr. Kasson is particularly fitted to write.

COUNT VON HATZFELD has been gazetted as German Ambassador to London, to succeed Count von Munster, who goes to Paris in place of Prince Hohenlohe, recently appointed to the Governor-generalship of Alsace-Lorraine, *vice* General Manteuffel, deceased.

PRINCE HENRY OF BATTENBERG, husband of Princess Beatrice, who is spending his honeymoon with his mother-in-law at Balmoral Castle, Scotland, has thus far failed to win the friendship of the Highlanders. On one occasion he was loudly hissed by the populace. The Queen has advised him to "maintain seclusion."

MR. JOHN ROBINSON WHITLEY, the Director-general of the American Exhibition to be held in London next year, beginning May 1st, and continuing six months, has been for some time in this country, engaged in supervising the work of the thirty-seven commissioners who are "working up" the interest of manufacturers and others in the enterprise.

THE regular trial of Mr. Stead, editor of the London *Pall Mall Gazette*, and the others indicted with him for the abduction of Eliza Armstrong, commenced on the 20th inst. The defense will cost \$35,000. Twelve thousand five hundred dollars towards this amount has already been contributed to the defense fund which the Methodist Church is raising for the editor.

ROSCOE CONKLING is said to have changed his style of dress since his retirement from public life. Much of the old-time flashiness that once characterized his garb has disappeared, and on ordinary occasions he now usually wears a long pea-jacket, sober, loose trousers and walking-boots. His powerful shoulders, clear eyes, good color and rapid movements indicate perfect health.

A NUMBER of the late Ralph Waldo Emerson's letters to Carlyle were stolen some time ago, and the thieves appear to be making efforts to dispose of them at high prices. The philosopher's son, Mr. Edward W. Emerson, of Concord, Mass., cautions all persons against buying or selling such papers, and asks that any one who may hear of the existence of any such letters will do him the favor to inform him.

AT one of President Cleveland's recent hand-shaking receptions, a garrulous old lady warned him against the dangers of promiscuous baby-kissing, and presented him with a remedy contained in a bottle of demijohn-like dimensions "There is so much smallpox and cholera about now, sir," said she, "that you can't be too careful; and, if you don't mind, I'll leave this bottle of balsam with yer. You may need it yet!"

A PARISIAN anecdote about President Grévy, who has the reputation of being somewhat parsimonious: "At the Odeon, the other evening, a stranger presented himself and asked at what time he expected the President to arrive at the theatre. 'The President is not expected this evening,' replied the manager. 'Who told you that he was coming?' 'No one,' returned the stranger; 'but I had seen in the papers that you were giving a performance to-night at reduced rates!'"

AFTER the review at Stuttgart, the Emperor William was told by Prince Hermann of Sax-Weimer that a ninety-three-year old veteran who had served under him sixty years ago was present, having made a long journey just to see his commander again in this world. Kaiser Wilhelm was much moved, and insisted upon alighting from his carriage and walking over to that in which the veteran was seated, when he held some conversation with him, and shook hands cordially at parting.

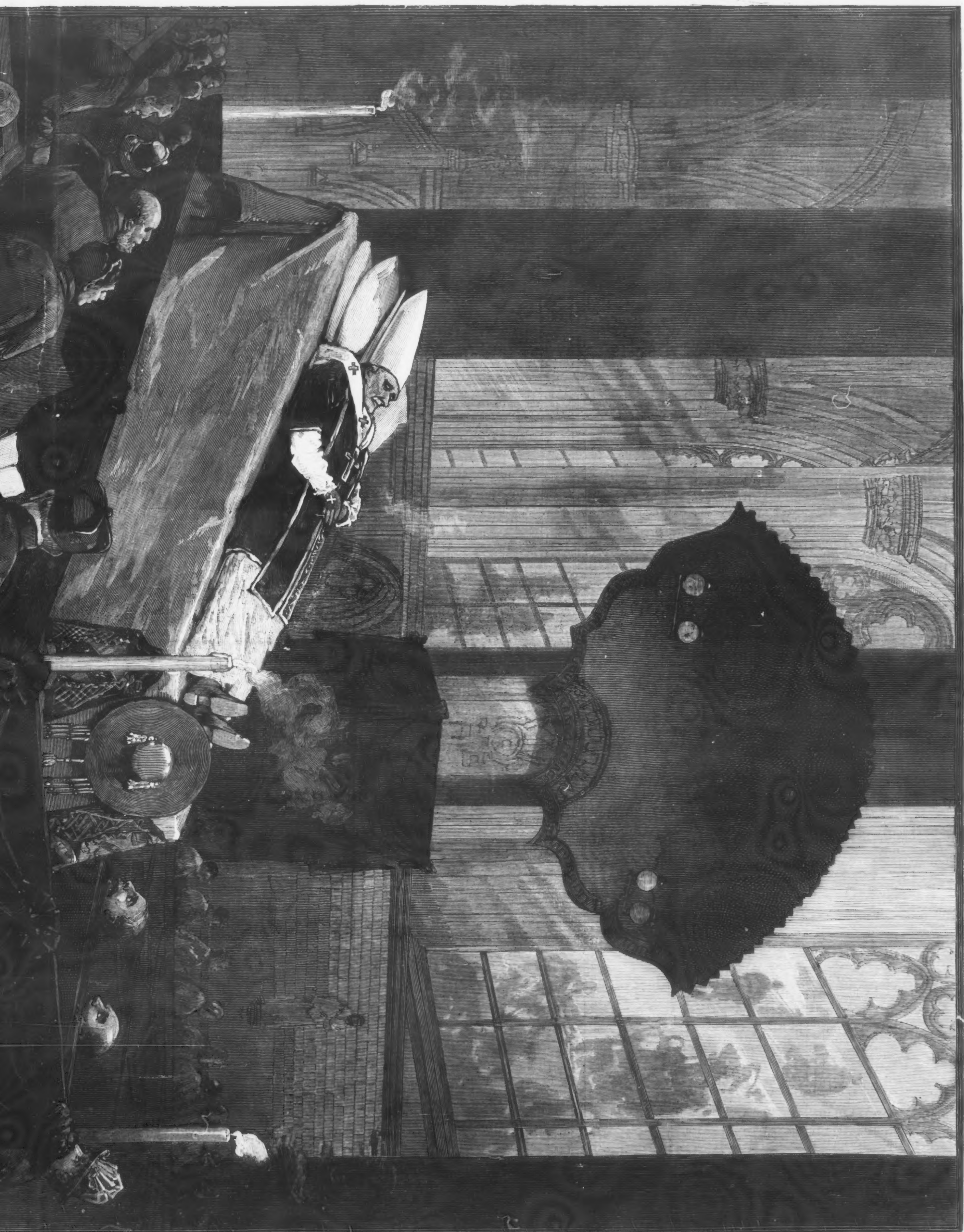
THE Baltimore *American* states an interesting fact in this way: "Vice-president Hendricks arrived in St. Louis the other night. He was escorted to the hotel. At night he was led to the balcony. Then there opened upon his gaze a great concourse of people. The streets were full of them. He was profoundly touched. He attempted to express his thanks. In the midst of his speech some one broke in and informed him that it was a baseball demonstration. No wonder he was sorely perplexed. No wonder he felt sad and dejected. No wonder disappointment weighed heavily upon him. No wonder he saw in a glance that when statesmanship meets a big baseball club, statesmanship must switch off and and give the baseball club the whole track."





NEW YORK CITY.—THE BODY OF THE LATE CARDINAL MCCLOSKEY LYING IN STATE IN ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, OCTOBER 13TH-15TH.  
FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 156.







## A Husband of the Period;

Or,  
A Modern Mormon.

By REBECCA FORBES STURGIS.

Author of "A Miserable Mistake," "A Terrible Crime," "The Mormon Wife," "His Enemy's Daughter," "Adam Talmage's Wife," etc.

## CHAPTER VI.

"MR. GAY is in the parlor." It was the voice of the maid, and Muriel sprang to her feet and stood irresolute, a bright flush dyeing her shell-like cheeks. How she had watched and longed and hungered for him! and now that he was really here she was as timid as a fawn about meeting him.

She cast one glance in the mirror. There was not so much as a hair astray.

She ran swiftly down the stairs, opened the door, entered, and then stood still, her face flushing and paling, her eyes swimming with tears, which she was trying to suppress.

Philip stood looking out of the bay-window, but he turned as the door opened. The light fell on her hair, lighting it up like a halo, and he saw how great the effort she was making to hide her tears. Quick as a flash of lightning came the thought, how differently Vee would have come to him. She would have rushed forward and have cried and laughed on his breast, a veritable April child of sunshine and of showers.

"Muriel," he said, approaching and kissing her very gently on the cheek, "are you glad to see such a laggard back?"

His conscience smote him as he asked the question, but he could think of nothing more appropriate to say.

"Oh, Philip! So glad! I have been so lonely without you, and poor Guardian gone!" she murmured, and then the tears refused to be kept back longer.

Philip would be Philip still, though a dozen disappointments embraced him. He could not see a pretty woman weep without trying to comfort her; so he drew her head to his breast and caressed her, and told her she would never be lonely more; that he would never, never leave her. So fate had decided that he should keep his engagement, for, after that, he had not courage enough, even if he had the desire, to seek to annul the sweet contract.

"And she really is very pretty and lovable," he was telling himself, "though not to be compared to Vee. There is the same difference as between the sun and the moon!"

As Muriel became calmer, and seemed to realize that he had really come back, he began to think he had done a meritorious act in not breaking the engagement, but sacrificing his own desires to make her happy.

Fletcher called, and was met quite coldly by Philip. He was well aware Fletcher loved Muriel, and he could not but resent it.

"I have been away so long, I ought to go back to my office and work," Philip was saying to her that night.

"Why, Philip," she said, shyly, "you will not have to work now, when you don't want to. I used to wonder what I should do with so much money; now I am so glad to have it to give to you."

"You sweet child!" he exclaimed; "can you trust me so implicitly?"

"If I could not trust you with that, how could I trust you with myself?" she queried.

The hypocrite blushed vividly. A faint glimmer of the meanness of his intention towards her sacred trust came to him.

"And where would you like to go for a wedding trip?" he asked. "You know you were to decide on that during my absence."

"To Europe, Philip, if you are not too weary of the water."

"Of all places the best!" he exclaimed, a light shining in his eyes which his lady-love would not be able to explain. To go to Europe meant that he should see Vee once more.

"I shall have to go on to my office before I leave," he observed, "and take the papers to my client concerning the business I was away to transact."

Muriel readily acquiesced in that arrangement. Of course it was necessary for him to finish the transaction properly.

On the following morning she told Fletcher of their plans. First, for Philip to go West; then return, be married, and go to Europe.

As Fletcher stood in the light of a guardian since his father's decease, he knew that to speak to Philip concerning Muriel's property was a solemn duty that devolved upon him, and must be performed regardless of scruples. It was rather a delicate subject to introduce, especially as Philip took on such extraordinary airs when in his presence. However, duty was duty. This morning he purposely waylaid Philip on the street, and walked up towards the friend's house which Muriel called home.

"I suppose, Philip," he observed, in an easy manner, "that you are aware that since my father's death I am, for the time being, Muriel's guardian. Among my father's papers was a note wishing me to see to having a part of her property secured upon herself. You know, as the law stands now, at marriage she gives it all into your care, unless you secure a part for her separate and sole use. I know I need only mention it to you to have your consent to making out the proper papers."

During the time Fletcher was speaking Philip's brow had been clouding. In his own mind he was branding Fletcher Arbuthnot as a meddler. Make over Muriel's fortune, indeed! Give up the privilege of using it except as another dictated! What did Fletcher think he was marrying Muriel for? He would be ashamed to say, "Make

over one-half of her own property to her"; if he did it at all, he must have all safely tied up, to be doled out by bits if he was "good and proper." No, he would not countenance anything of the kind.

"I am surprised at you making such a proposition!" he responded, loftily. "However, I have no objections if Muriel wishes. Come, we will settle this matter now."

They ascended the stoop and Philip rang the bell.

Muriel met them in a moment. She looked from one to the other of the men—the one who loved her, the one she loved. She knew something of importance had transpired. Philip went directly over to her side, and took a piece of fancy work out of her hands.

"Muriel," he said, in a soft tone, looking into her winsome face with an expression of utter devotion, "this guardian of yours has been informing me that I had better have your fortune settled upon you, in case that I might be a bad boy; then, you see, you could stop my allowance and bring me to terms. Don't you think it will be an excellent plan?"

Muriel glanced over at Fletcher, whose face betrayed the annoyance and disgust he felt. He understood perfectly why Philip had presented the subject to her in such a light. She was too high-spirited for a moment to allow any one have the impression that she had not perfect confidence in her future spouse.

"Fletcher," she exclaimed, her tone betraying the indignation she was trying to suppress, "I am very sorry you should have proposed such a thing, especially as you knew how repugnant such an idea would be to me."

"I am so sorry, for your sake, you refuse, and I hope that all your life you will be able to wonder why I was such an old foggy as to propose it," he returned, bluntly.

Muriel flushed, then laughed aloud. She would not wound his feelings if she could avoid it.

"You dear old brother," she said, lightly, "you have not yet outlived your tendency to croak! Don't you remember how you used to tell me the most weird and fantastic tales until I would hide my head under your coat and shake?"

Before he could respond, Philip interposed:

"You are dodging the question, young lady, and we do not allow that to be done in this court. That privilege is reserved for the lawyers alone. Muriel, I am in earnest now: I do not wish your guardian to think I object to doing as he proposes. I think perhaps, for many reasons, legal and otherwise, that the course he urges may be the best for you."

She put her delicate, perfumed hand over his mouth with an expression of mock anger on her sweet face.

"Say no more, sir; I am capable of deciding this question. Fletcher, when I promised to give myself away," with a faint blush, "I made no reserve about that which I believed then, and believe now, was only of secondary worth. We will consider this subject settled."

Philip kissed the hand that pressed his lips, and Fletcher, with a strained expression which did not escape his successful rival's eye, rose to leave.

"I will not press the subject longer," he observed. "It was not a particularly pleasant thing to do, but I was actuated by the purest motives."

"Oh, do not go yet!" Muriel cried, following him to the door. "Surely you are not angry with me, Fletcher!" she added, in a whisper.

"No indeed, dear little sister," he answered. "You deserve all sunshine in your life. I pray it may be yours."

He was gone. Muriel looked after him, with a wistful expression in her true blue, April eyes. Her guardian's cry, "You have broken my boy's heart," came back to her mind with a disturbing force. "Could it be true?" she questioned herself. When she returned to the apartment where Philip awaited her, he caught her to his heart, and cried: "What a dear little bride I have won! I will not forget your goodness to me."

Oh, Philip! false Philip! who even then was planning how best he might purchase his own happiness, and wreck that of his expectant bride!

That night he went West, promising to return that day week. Fletcher visited Muriel daily during Philip's absence. He had nothing to do but wait until the ceremony was over. Day by day his distrust of Philip increased. He thought that had he been the happy man he would not have been such a laggard, and he was not of such an impatient disposition as Philip Gay.

"I am sure no man could fail to love my dear little Muriel," he whispered to himself; and yet he did not put faith in Philip's devotion.

The day of Philip's return came at last.

The following morning, in a quaint, old-fashioned church, where the ivy had just put forth its leaf, as it clung to the cold gray walls, Muriel gave her hand to Philip Gay. An old friend of Dr. Arbuthnot gave the bride away, and Fletcher acted as best man to Philip. It was a very quiet wedding, although the wealth of the bride was well known. Only her most intimate friends were present, as the recent death of her guardian forbade any display.

Philip won the admiration of all. He was pronounced a perfect bridegroom, "a veritable Greek god," by the most romantic of the young ladies present.

They went direct to the cars. Their bridal tour was to begin, and Muriel had requested her friends not to go to the station with them, but make their adieux as they came out of the church.

"I don't want to be a proclaimed bride to the conductor and passengers," she had said, laughingly.

Fletcher was the last one to wish her good-luck and good-bye. She held up her lips to kiss him, and could not but notice how white he looked

when he turned away, after whispering in her ear:

"If ever you need a friend, don't forget your brother."

When they reached the railway they found they were at least a half-hour too early. They stepped into the waiting-room. Two gentlemen were already there. They arose respectfully as Philip and his bride entered. There was no one else in that part of the room.

"Sit down here, dearest," Philip said, in an undertone. "I have a favor to ask of you. These men are here at my request. If we should run short of funds while away, and you happen to be sick in a strange place, I should be helpless. They have a paper, ready for you to sign, deputizing me to draw from your account. If it was signed before our marriage it would not be legal; I could not bring myself to ask you to sign it before your guardian. My own poverty is a thorn in the flesh to me, sharp enough, without making a display of it before Fletcher Arbuthnot! Will you sign it, my dear little wife?"

She blushed scarlet under the new title.

"Why, Philip, you know I would be glad to sign," she responded.

Philip gave her little gloved hand a squeeze, while he beckoned to the gentlemen to approach. The train had come in, and everybody was intent either on getting aboard, or else in looking for friends, so that no one was paying attention to them.

"She understands the instrument," Philip observed, loftily; and they put the usual questions to her concerning her wish to sign.

"Mr. Gay has made all necessary explanation," she observed, as she took the pen between her fingers and signed, in a delicate but plain cigraphy, her new name, "Muriel Vance Gay."

The gentlemen signed after her, raised their hats, as Philip, saying, "That is all that is necessary, gentlemen," tucked his bride's hand under his arm, and hurried on board the waiting train.

Muriel was so glad that Philip had thought of that device. He had saved them from any annoyance, and had not exposed his poverty to Fletcher's critical eye; and, after the conversation concerning her money, she could understand how a high-spirited man like Philip would feel over such an exposure.

"I suppose that dear old Fletcher would have thought it better for Philip to have waited until he had a competence of his own," she mused, "and let my wealth stand there and accumulate, making nobody happy."

Whether even she would have felt so happy and free from misgivings if she had known that the paper she had just signed put the whole of her property out of her hands for ever, is a question. He, not content with the knowledge that the law gave her property to him as her husband, had visited a law officer, and had a document prepared giving and bequeathing all property, whether of money in bank, stocks, or mortgages, belonging to Muriel Vance, to her husband, Philip Gay.

He explained that she had never had control of her property, and did not understand the care of it. They were going away, and if they wished to dispose of any part, he could attend to it much easier.

But the train sped on, and Muriel gave no further thought to the scene that had taken place. She was Philip's wife; no sorrow could come near her now. She was anchored in a secure harbor.

While Philip was every now and again whispering pretty nothings in her ear, he could not but think how he would feel if it was the warm face of peerless Verona that shone so close to his, and his heart gave a traitorous throb that did not argue well for their future happiness.

## CHAPTER VII.

THE voyage had been simply perfect. Never, in all her long, troublous life, would Muriel forget how happy she had been then. Not a cloud appeared to disturb her serenity. Philip played the part of the devoted husband charmingly. The truth was, he was always so fond of a pretty face, and his bride was fair enough to suit the most fastidious taste, that he could not be otherwise than devoted.

At first he determined to try and forget Verona. She would not be any worse off than she would have been had she never met him, and he assured himself that he had brought a ray of sunshine into her desolate life that would doubly repay her for any pain she might suffer at his supposed falsity.

When he came to that determination he sighed, and thought Muriel's fortune would not more than recompense him for the sacrifice he was making for her sake.

But when he landed in Liverpool he changed his mind. Muriel needed a day of rest—she should have it. He would go out to see Verona, and explain to her how he was situated. She would forgive and sympathize with him.

"I am sure you will be better to rest here to-day, Muriel," he observed, with all the solicitude of a true lover; "and if you can spare me, I will run up to see the lawyer whom I visited while over here. My client wished me to see him on a trifling affair."

"I shall miss you, Philip," she responded; "but certainly you must go. I will have a good rest, and to-morrow we can start anew."

He kissed her affectionately, gave her many charges to take care of her "precious self" for his sake, and then went out. A little later a waiter brought her the latest magazines, a dish of fruit, and some choice confectionery, that she might while away her time pleasantly.

Philip's conscience appeared by his offerings, and fortified by his virtuous intentions, he hastily caught the train and was whirled to the Esterevelt

Station. He took no note of the beautiful scenery; his mind was on the meeting that was soon to take place.

Arriving at the Esterevelt Station, he glanced hastily around to see if, by any unlucky chance, some of the Bell family should get off the train also. If they did, there would be no alternative but to accompany them home, as they did not know he had other acquaintances in the neighborhood. Happily for him, no one alighted whom he had ever seen before. He took a by-path to the Esterevelt grounds.

Coming near the brick lodge, he was greeted by Cesar's fierce growl. One moment, and the dog was leaping up and caressing him with delight.

"Good Cesar! Nice fellow!" he was saying, when suddenly Verona appeared beside him.

She was glowing with luxuriant youth and beauty; her eyes wore the startled air of a fawn, her bright red lips were parted. She pressed her hand against her throbbing heart.

"My love! my love!" she cried. "Oh, is it you, or are you dead, and this your spirit come to give me warning?" She rushed into his arms. "Dead or alive, I knew you would come back to me!" she murmured, through her swift-flowing tears. "My love! my love! you have been guarded by prayers ever since you left. Night and morning I have prayed: 'Let me see him again. If alive, bring him to me; if dead, let his spirit come to me just once!'"

He trembled beneath her glowing words. He could not speak—she magnetized him. Could he give voice to the words that would sever him forever from this glowing, impulsive, lovely being?

"My Philip! my Philip!"

He pressed her closer to his heart, he called her by every endearing word his fond fancy suggested. For the time being Muriel was as one who never existed. She was forgotten.

"And now I must tell you how I came to be here," he said, sitting down and drawing her head to his shoulder, while he held her hand in his warm clasp. "I am on my way, on very important business, to the Continent. I have only this one train to stop over, as my time is limited, but I felt that even a few moments with you would be better than not to see you at all."

"So much better, my love," she responded, carrying his hand to her lips. "One glimpse of your face is heaven!"

He looked down upon her. Passion throbbed furiously in every vein. He would not give her up! No matter what the risk incurred, Verona must be his!

The words of the Mormon elder came back to him: "I shall expect to see you."

"And you will," he thought. The temptation had suddenly taken shape in his mind. He would go to Utah! It would not be a difficult task to persuade Muriel that business called him there, and he would make himself so necessary to her happiness that she would not allow him to go alone. Once there, returning would be another affair, an after consideration.

As he smoothed Vee's glossy hair, his whole plan evolved itself in his mind.

"I shall be away a few months," he continued, in a low tone. "I will not be able to take you back with me then, for as soon as I get home I am going to open an office for myself in the Far West, where I shall have a chance of attaining to eminence. I may become a Governor—perhaps a President of the United States. You know, dear, in America it is ability that wins such offices, not rank, nor birth. Nothing is hereditary with us."

She listened as if the words came from the lips of a god.

"As soon as I am settled I will send for you. You will come?"

"I will come!"

"I will send you a letter of instruction, and I put you in the care of a friend."

He then asked her if Francis Esterevelt had found a purchaser for the estate; but she had heard nothing concerning it since Philip had gone away.

Two hours later he returned to the city, and found his wife awaiting dinner for him. He greeted her very affectionately. His spirits arose at the prospect before him. Muriel and her wealth was already his, and in a few months he would be enabled to send for his peerless Verona. Surely fate had cast him into a pleasant place! He gave no thought to the wrecking of each woman's life; all but self was forgotten in that glorious day-dream.

On the following day they started on their tour, refreshed by the rest.

(To be continued.)

## THE PACIFIC TERMINUS OF THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

THE approaching completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway causes special interest to be centred on its Western terminus. The site has been under discussion by Government, railway, military and naval experts since the inception of the enterprise. The difficulty has been, not in finding a suitable harbor, but to select, from the multitude with which the coast of British Columbia is indented, the one offering the greatest advantages. Port Simpson, as the terminus of the Peace River route; Bute Inlet, from whence, crossing to Vancouver Island, it was possible to connect it with the mainland, and by an island railway convert Victoria, the capital of the Province, into a great railway terminus; New Westminster, on the Fraser River, and Burrard's Inlet, have had their advocates. Eventually, by consent of both political parties under whose administration the construction of an all-Canadian transcontinental line was a leading question, the choice rested on Burrard's Inlet. This decision was confirmed in the contract made by the Government with the Canadian Pacific Railway Company for the completion and operation of the road. Reaching tidal water at Port Moody, the line is carried down the length of the Inlet to its western limit, Coal Harbor; passing over the peninsula

which separates the Straits of Georgia from the Strait of Juan de Fuca, giving to the harbor in addition to Coal Harbor, English Bay, forming the shore, while a narrow bank, extending shore, protects it. English Bay will wharf front, with protected from the loading or unloading of the inner advantages peculiar to the terminus is by way of the Strait; Victoria, at Island; skirting in the history course is north island—dotted mountains of the shore. Emerging a run of twenty Straits. An intro through the water separating the bluff of sandstone—the subject of it is possible with so to command render them pier through the nar exceeds 1,000 feet Creek, a mounta posed to supply increases in width one mile from of two and one-average width of of water sufficient few hundred feet a distance of two shores of Coal H Vancouver, the eveyed, extends to the height of and Burrard's I that on the nor approach close of ground gives future growth of look on mounta its chief attract place as it stand ing of lumber an shores abound in size, some of of the town-site.

At equal dist west, lie the en rard's Inlet and the mountain c minus, the form the latter over within an hour recreation-grou cover and its the scenery that the world is rar brown mounta with the brillia bery and heat from the deep warm-tinted blues of the lo high that at t mountain end capped, shifting rock and moun waterfalls by into the sea, m throb with sea ent sea, with it and forest, pr enjoyable. Is look, owing to and Gambier, North Arm. T these sheets a hunting-grou white hunters assing the gr attending dan and bear. T most any of f Deer, duck, a splendid spor Fresh-water f mountain trout swarm, rarely

When it is is at best but under the mo (Summer wea until Novemb entice those v pay a visit to Summer is p the smoke fr the latter mo were as perf and might a "days of clo mer glow."

THE MEA cotton constitute he commodity h to something years the aff have been t corner of F 15th inst., h new quarter our illustrat

The new v on Second S and Court t throw of Co view of Cou was \$100,00 stone and h high, peak roof, it ove however, is the buildi with a dep Streets. T reached by ing under swinging d to the mai on the left rooms are feet long, floors are t



which separates the inner waters from those of the Straits of Georgia, the line terminates at English Bay, giving to the railway company an outer harbor in addition to the land-locked basin of Coal Harbor. English Bay is protected by the highlands forming the eastern, northern and southern shores, while a natural breakwater, the Spanish Bank, extending over a mile from the southern shore, protects it from the seas of the Straits. English Bay will permit of the construction of a wharf front, without slips, four miles in length, protected from any sea that would interfere with the loading or unloading of ships of all classes. Both the inner and outer harbors possess advantages peculiarly their own.

The terminus is reached from the Pacific Ocean by way of the Straits of Georgia, Passing Cape Flattery; Victoria, at the southern end of Vancouver Island; skirting the Island of San Juan, famed in the history of international arbitrations, the course is northerly for forty miles through an island-dotted channel environed by the lofty mountains of Vancouver Island and the main shore. Emerging from this labyrinth of islands, a run of twenty-five miles is made across the Straits. An introduction to Burrard's Inlet is had through the water of English Bay. The peninsula separating the two is headed with a bold rocky bluff of sandstone formation, 180 feet in height the subject of our illustration. From this bluff it is possible with properly equipped fortifications so to command English Bay and the Inlet as to render them practically impregnable. Sailing through the narrow entrance, which scarcely exceeds 1,000 feet, skirting the mouth of Capalano Creek, a mountain stream from which it is proposed to supply the city with water, the Inlet increases in width until, passing Brockton Point, one mile from the gate, it expands to a width of two and one-half miles. From this point an average width of a mile is maintained, with depth of water sufficient to float the largest ships within a few hundred feet of either shore, up to Port Moody, a distance of twelve miles. The land bordering the shores of Coal Harbor and English Bay, on which Vancouver, the terminal city, is now being surveyed, extends back in easy grade for three miles to the height of land between the Fraser River and Burrard's Inlet: this in marked variance to that on the northern shore, where the mountains approach close to the sea-line. This disposition of ground gives a site favorable in itself for the future growth of the city, whilst possessing an outlook on mountain scenery that will form one of its chief attractions. The main industry of the place as it stands at present is in the manufacturing of lumber and spars for foreign markets. The shores abound in a wealth of timber, enormous in size, some of the trees measured at the clearing of the town-site girthing over thirty-three feet.

At equal distances, eight miles on the east and west, lie the entrances to the North Arm of Burrard's Inlet and Howe Sound. These fjords pierce the mountain chain lying to the north of the terminus, the former to a distance of twelve miles, the latter over thirty. Lying close at hand, within an hour's steaming, they will form the recreation-ground for the future dwellers of Vancouver and its visitors. There is a grandeur in the scenery that even in this picturesque part of the world is rarely met with. Purple and reddish-brown mountains, their sombre color picked out with the brilliant tints of moss, arbutus shrubbery and heather, rise in sheer precipitous forms from the deep waters they outline. Beyond these warm-tinted rock masses lie the colder grays and blues of the lofty, snow-crowned peaks, rising so high that at times it is impossible to tell where mountain ends and cloud begins. This cloud-capped, shifting *chiar-oscuro*, an endless variety of rock and mountain forms, with the varied styles of waterfalls by which the mountain streams leap into the sea, make the above—the horizon scene—throb with seeming life, while the calm, transparent sea, with its unbroken reflections of mountains and forest, presents a restful contrast altogether enjoyable. Islands that are worthy of a special look, owing to their unique formation, are Auve and Gambier, Howe Sound and Jug Island, in the North Arm. The mountains contiguous to both these sheets of water have long been favorite hunting-grounds for the Indians and the few white hunters living in the locality, the sport possessing the greatest fascination on account of its attending dangers in hunting the mountain sheep and bear. These can be reached by climbing almost any of the mountain peaks in the vicinity. Deer, duck, and various kinds of grouse afford splendid sport to the less ambitious hunter. Fresh-water fishing is confined to the brook and mountain trout, the salmon, with which the rivers swarm, rarely rising to the fly.

When it is considered that the scenery—which is at best but feebly illustrated here—can be viewed under the most favorable circumstances of climate (Summer weather lasting from the 1st of March until November), there ought to be sufficient to entice those wearied of the old tourist-haunts to pay a visit to this charming region. The early Summer is preferable to August, on account of the smoke from forest fires which prevail during the latter month. This season, March and April were as perfect months as could be wished for, and might aptly be described as made up of "days of cloudless beauty, hoar frost and Summer glow."

#### THE MEMPHIS COTTON EXCHANGE.

MEMPHIS ranks among the five or six great cotton marts of the Union. The fleecy bales constitute her staple export, and the value in that commodity handled on her levee annually amounts to something near forty millions of dollars. For years the affairs of the Memphis Cotton Exchange have been transacted in a dingy building on the corner of Front and Madison Streets. On the 15th inst., however, it took formal possession of its new quarters in the noble palace of trade of which our illustration presents an exterior view.

The new Cotton Exchange building is situated on Second Street, between Madison on the south and Court on the north. It is within a stone's throw of the banking quarters, and commands a view of Court Square. The cost of the structure was \$100,000, and its materials are chiefly brick, stone and ornamental tiles. Rising six stories high, peaked and pointed by a slated mansard roof, it overtops its tallest neighbors. Its height, however, is in proportion to its length and width, the building fronting 146 feet on Second Street, with a depth of 69 feet on Madison and Court Streets. The entrance, on Second Street, is reached by a short, broad flight of steps, leading under a depressed arch and through massive swinging doors. The hallway extends on the right to the main room of the Merchants' Exchange and on the left to the Cotton Exchange. These superb rooms are equal in size, each 40 feet wide by 69½ feet long, with ceilings 26 feet in height. The floors are tiled, of a sober but tasteful pattern; the

walls, a pure, soft, creamy white; and the ceilings, artistically frescoed.

From the centre of the main hallway, immediately opposite the principal entrance, a flight of broad, easy stairs wind upwards around the elevator shaft to the entresol floor, which contains five elegant rooms, with a hall similar to that below. The stairway leads to the second large floor. The hall here extends from north to south through the entire length of the building. Magnificent arched windows at either end, filled with plate and stained glass, produce a superb effect. The rooms opening upon either side are entered through doors of massive polished oak. Like all of the rooms in the building, they are lighted by wide, arched windows of plate and stained glass. The floor above is the counterpart, with its spacious hall, plate and stained glass, massive arch and vaulting ceilings, of that just described. The attic, if the term is sufficiently dignified for the space immediately beneath the mansard roof, is next reached. Dormer windows light it on all sides, making peculiarly suitable quarters for the occupants for whom it was designed—the Western Union Telegraph Company.

The officers of the Memphis Cotton Exchange as it now stands, after an existence of eleven years, are: President, W. H. Crawford; Secretary, S. H. Hotter; Vice-presidents, C. T. Curtis, R. F. Patterson, W. W. Schofield; Treasurer, J. R. Godwin; Directors, N. Hill, William Bowles, Jr., Ed. R. Hart, John W. Dillard, R. F. Tate, Robert Wolfenden, G. A. Latham; with Mr. LaHache as Assistant Secretary.

#### THE FUNERAL OF CARDINAL McCLOSKEY.

THERE were no formal services in memory of the dead Cardinal on the Sunday following his death. Eulogies were spoken, Requiem Masses sung, and prayers offered for the repose of his soul; but it had been arranged that the imposing solemnities of the Church should be concentrated upon the services of Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, the days set for the lying-in-state at the Cathedral, and the funeral. On Sunday, relatives of the dead prelate and clergy of the archdiocese were admitted to view the remains in the archiepiscopal residence. The embalmer's skill had so well preserved the benign features, that the Cardinal's face presented the appearance of calm slumber, rather than of death. On Monday, priests and nuns, kneeling about the bier, chanted the Litany of the Saints, and made the impressive responses of the Gregorian Chant. The holy vigil was kept up throughout the night.

On Tuesday morning the body was removed from the residence to the Cathedral. A fierce storm of wind and rain interfered with the modest procession which had been arranged, but a large crowd of spectators gathered about the Cathedral. A little after ten o'clock the body, laid in a kind of shell and covered with purple velvet, was carried through the rear entrance of the residence to the Fifth Street entrance of the Cathedral. The procession was formed in the transept, the cross-bearer coming first, followed by the choir-boys, the priests of the Cathedral, Archbishop Corrigan, with his white mitre and vestments, accompanied by Monsignor Farley, and surrounded by several functionaries, and lastly by the six men bearing the body of the Cardinal. The "Miserere" was chanted as the procession passed slowly down the southern aisle, and then came the "Benedictus." Father Lammell intoned the matins and lauds for the dead. Archbishop Corrigan pronounced the blessing; and the body, after being incensed and sprinkled with holy water, was placed upon the catafalque in the centre aisle. This catafalque was covered with cloth-of-gold, and the purple pillow was placed under the head, upon which was the Archbishop's mitre. A long wax taper was placed at each corner. The head of the dead prelate was placed considerably higher than the feet, so that the countenance was fully displayed to persons coming up the aisle. About a dozen members of the Holy Family Society of St. Patrick's Cathedral, which is recognized by the rector of the parish, acted as a guard of honor through the day. A steady stream of people passed through the Cathedral all day until four o'clock, when the doors were closed. A wonderfully impressive sight met the gaze of every spectator who passed up that broad aisle. In the dim light which streamed through the stained windows, the body of the Cardinal lay, clad in full canonical robes. On the head was his white mitre. A velvet chasuble, fringed with white lace, covered the body. Underneath were the purple cassock, lace rochet, amice, alb, cincture, stole, and two purple silk tunics. Purple silk gloves with gauntlets covered the hands and wrists. Glimpses of the surplised clergy, kneeling and rising, clouds of incense ascending towards the lofty roof, and the solemn Gregorian chant, all lent their effect to a scene at once solemn and magnificent. During the night, forty members of the St. Vincent de Paul Society and twelve of the Holy Family Society comprised the guard of honor.

On Wednesday, the throng of visitors was still greater. Long before the doors of the Cathedral were opened a crowd stood in waiting; and all day long, marshaled by a large force of police, the people surged in and out of the stately edifice, taking a last look at the dead Cardinal lying in state. The doors were closed at nine o'clock in the evening, and all night long the guard from the Society of St. Vincent de Paul watched beside the catafalque.

The funeral, on Thursday, was one of the grandest ever witnessed in New York. The day was fair, and the Autumn sunlight, streaming through the storied windows, filled the Cathedral with a golden glow. The Cardinal's bier had been placed at the foot of the steps of the high altar. He lay robed as if in life, to officiate at a pontifical Mass of Requiem, the golden crozier of the archbishopate by his side. On either side tall tapers flickered in golden candelabra, and from the table of the altar hung an antependium of black watered silk, wrought in gold. The floor of the sanctuary was covered with violet cloth, the glittering brasses of the altar-rail were shrouded in silver-fringed black, and the pulpit was hung with mourning folds. The carved woods of the Cardinal's vacant throne were hidden by hangings of violet.

Before half-past nine o'clock the Cathedral was filled to overflowing by a crowd of over 5,000 people, hundreds of whom remained standing in the aisles. Outside a square of policemen had been formed, and only ticket-holders were admitted through the Fifth Avenue entrances. The funeral ceremony was in four divisions. The first was the chanting of the office for the dead, by 150 priests and choir-boys of the diocese. Archbishop Corrigan then entered the sanctuary, clad in full canonicals, and attended by deacons, chaplains, acolytes, cross-bearer, incense-bearer and altar-

boys; and the solemn pontifical Mass of Requiem was begun. Cherubini's "Requiem Aeternum" was followed by Mozart's music to the awful words of the Dies Irae. Gregorian chants, swelled by the full tone of the organ, came from the choir, while in the intervals were heard the deep voices of the clergy at the altar intoning the words of the Mass. The funeral discourse was delivered by Archbishop Gibbons, his text being a selection of verses from Ecclesiastius xlv. After the sermon, the Bishop of Brooklyn and four archbishops went in turn to the catafalque and pronounced the absolution. Then the candles were extinguished, the coffin was raised by the bearers and borne to the crypt below the altar, followed by archbishops, monsignori, priests and choir-boys, chanting as they descended. The remains of the Cardinal were deposited in a compartment of the catacomb adjoining that which contains the ashes of Archbishop Hughes. The masons closed the recess with a square of marble, bearing this inscription:

✠  
JOANNES  
Tit. S. Mariae Supra Minervam S. R. E. Presb.  
CARDINALIS McCLOSKEY  
Archiepiscopus Neo-Eboracensis.  
Vixit An. LXXXV.  
Obit X. Oct. MDCCCLXXXV.  
[Coat of Arms.]

#### AN ITALIAN ADVERTISING NOVELTY.

THE latest novelty in advertising comes from our good friends, the Italians. Like many a happy thought, it is so simple that the only wonder is why it was never thought of before. It is on the North Italy Railway that the idea has been developed, and it consists in providing the tickets with pockets and inserting in each pocket a little roll of paper with advertisements printed thereon. You buy your ticket from Milan to Venice, for instance, and on a thin piece of paper neatly inserted therein you find all the information you can want about the Venetian hotels and shops. The advertisement sheet in each ticket is divided into forty little spaces, twenty on each side of the paper, and the price of a space is 15 francs per 10,000 tickets. When all the spaces are let, the company thus makes \$120 on each 10,000 tickets.

#### ALL FORMS OF GOVERNMENT.

THE Caroline Islands may be regarded as a practical exhibition of most of the various systems of government that are just now in vogue. Yap and Kusaie, two of the largest islands in the group, are kingdoms, and, considering that Yap is only a Pacific kingdom, it is a very advanced place, its chief town possessing a well-paved street, and there being on the island no less than sixty-seven villages, each of which is a semi-independent commune. Unfortunately, consumption is rampant, and the population is rapidly decreasing. Kusaie is a less enlightened monarchy, but, on the other hand, it has no consumption, and it has a number of gigantic ruins which have no rivals in Yap. Ponapé, a third island, is an oligarchy governed by five princes. Like Kusaie, it contains remarkable prehistoric ruins, and thirty years ago it had a population of 15,000 souls. At the present time, owing to recent ravages of small-pox, there are only 2,000. These, however, are well-to-do and flourishing, and they are noted for their intelligence and physical beauty. Other islands are republics, elective despotisms and federations of petty princedoms, but upon the whole none are so prosperous as oligarchical Ponapé.

#### FACTS OF INTEREST.

AN increased number of towns in Connecticut voted, at the late election, against granting licenses for the sale of intoxicating liquors.

CO-OPERATION seems to have taken root in Minneapolis, Minn., where there are seven associations doing a business amounting to \$1,000,000 per year.

A Boston court has discharged a man who had been indicted for thrashing a fellow-lodger who snored very loud. The Court evidently considered that the provocation justified the violence used.

THE total number of students in the academic and scientific departments of Yale College is 804. The theological, law, and medical schools have 200 students, thus giving a total attendance of more than 1,000.

THE bases of the Anglo-Turkish agreement as to Egypt, are: Reform of the entire civil, military and financial Government of Egypt, autonomy, exclusion of Turkish troops, withdrawal of the British troops when safe, Egypt to conclude advantageous arrangements. The Soudanese agreement awaits the approval of Lord Salisbury and the Sultan.

THE temperance cause is making gratifying progress among the Roman Catholics of the Pennsylvania mining regions. In 1879 the number of Catholic temperance societies in the Scranton diocese was limited to six. Now there are thirty, with a membership of over 6,000. The societies are mostly named after Father Mathew or St. Aloysius. In almost every town and hamlet in the county are to be found members of one or the other societies. The Catholic clergy have taken hold of the matter, and are urging the young men of their organizations to join the temperance society of the parish.

A NEW crusade is threatened in London against the employment of undraped female models in artists' studios. For several years past there has been a rage for the nude among the members of the Royal Academy, and shapely models have been in great demand. The models are procured from the same class which furnishes ballet-girls to the theatres. Many "ladies of the chorus," as they choose to be termed, are also artists' models, serving at the studios in absolute nudity during the afternoon and at the theatres in partial nudity at night. The models are paid from eightpence to a half-guinea per sitting. Sir Frederick Leighton, George Frederick Watts, Edward J. Paynter, L. Alma-Tadema, and a few other famous Academicians, pay their female models half a guinea for each sitting, and always see that they are provided with a substantial tea. The Rev. John William Horsley, M.A., chaplain of Clerkenwell Prison, sounded the keynote of the new crusade by his speech before the Church Congress at Portsmouth recently, denouncing the employment of female models as demoralizing both to artists and models, and especially to lady artists.

#### AT HOME AND ABROAD.

A NUMBER of polygamists are on trial in the United States District Court for Idaho.

A MOVEMENT is on foot to secure the admission to the Union of Southern California as a new State.

MORE than a dozen Chinamen have already taken out their first naturalization papers at Cheyenne.

IN Arizona, voters have to swear that they don't belong to any organization which advocates polygamy, before they can vote.

HERBERT GLADSTONE, in a recent address, declared his father was in favor of excluding bishops from the House of Lords.

THE first Hebrew Christian church in America was dedicated with appropriate services in New York city on the 11th instant.

THE Legislature of Oregon will meet in special session, November 9th, for the purpose of electing a United States Senator.

ABOUT \$70, collected both from the whites and the natives, has been transmitted from Sierra Leone to the Grant Memorial Fund at New York.

A DISPATCH from Alexandria states that the Egyptian cotton crop is slowly coming into market. The crop amounts to 3,000,000 cantars, instead of 4,000,000, as had been estimated.

THE Spanish expedition from Fernando Po, on the west coast of Africa, in the Bight of Biafra, has entered the Naha River, and declared Spanish sovereignty on both banks of the stream.

THE State of North Carolina derives a revenue of \$100,000 from a tax on drummers. A provision of the law gives a resident drummer a rebate, the effect of which has just been pronounced an unjust discrimination against non-residents, and the law is, therefore, declared unconstitutional.

IT is reported from New Mexico that various counties in that Territory have offered, or are about to offer, rewards of from \$250 to \$500 each for the scalps of "buck" Indians, and that the ranchmen and cowboys are organizing armed bodies to go on an old-fashioned Indian hunt.

IT is stated that Mr. Pendleton, the United States Minister, purposes coming to an early agreement with the German Government with reference to the Bancroft Treaty, as cases of expulsion, and enrollment in the Army, of Americans living in Germany have largely increased.

A STATE convention of colored men will be held at Lexington, Ky., on November 26th, to demand equal rights under the law. They complain that they are excluded from juries, denied equal rights on railway trains, and generally deprived of recognition under all departments of the State Government.

FORTY MILLION pounds of fresh fruit were shipped out of California by rail between January 1st and September 1st of the present year—an increase of 32,000,000 over the shipments for the corresponding period of last year. These figures exhibit the marvelous development of the fruit-growing industry. Next year the shipments must be largely increased because of many new orchards coming into bearing or increasing in productiveness.

ANOTHER enormous well of natural gas—the second largest ever found—came to light the other day in Washington County, Pa., and is being tapped and piped to Pittsburgh. In that city at the present time natural gas has been substituted for coal for fuel in 1,600 dwelling-houses, 66 glass factories, 34 rolling mills, and 45 other factories of various sorts, equivalent to a displacement of 10,000 tons of coal. Cincinnati, Wheeling and other cities are pressing on in the same direction.

THE old-fashioned spinning-wheel was introduced a short time ago into the Isle of Man Insane Asylum with the idea of amusing the patients. The latter seemed delighted that they could in this way contribute to their support, and became so absorbed in their new occupation that their nervous symptoms no longer predominated. As Dr. Richardson, the medical superintendent, expressed it, the direction of the nervous force was changed, and their condition was improved. The experiment is to be tried in other asylums.

LIEUTENANT HENRY T. ALLEN, of the Second Cavalry, has just reached San Francisco after his Alaska explorations. Lieutenant Allen left Sitka in February last and journeyed to the mouth of the Copper River, which he followed until he reached the great Alaskan range of mountains. These he crossed on snowshoes to the head of the Tananah River. For 700 or 800 miles he followed the Tananah until it emptied into the Yukon, the great river of the north, which he followed to its mouth, a distance of about 600 miles more.

IMMEDIATELY upon the breaking out of the difficulty between the Spanish and German Governments, growing out of the occupation of the Island of Yap by one of Bismarck's gunboats, the emissaries of the Spanish Government visited the shipbuilding centres of Great Britain, and contracted for the immediate construction and armament of five cruisers, for which they agreed to pay \$6,000,000. The vessels are to be built on the most approved modern designs. With the object of getting great speed, arrangements have been made to supply the cruisers with the most effective machinery that can be built in Great Britain, and they are to be armed with the very best long-range light guns. It is stated that these vessels are all on the stocks, and are being pushed rapidly towards completion.

GRAVE irregularities and frauds were perpetrated in Cincinnati at the late election. Among the instances mentioned are the receiving of 221 more votes at one polling-place than there were names registered; the returning of only forty-one Republican votes as cast in another precinct, in which seventy-six men have been found on a single street who say they voted the Republican ticket at that polling-place; the stealing of the ballot-box in one of the Nineteenth Ward precincts; the ordering of the judges and clerks out of a police station during the progress of the count, by the Lieutenant in charge, on a flimsy pretext, and the theft, while they were going out, of thirty-two of the ballots; and the theft of the key to the ballot-box in another precinct, which delayed the count twenty-four hours, during which time the box was stuffed with fraudulent ballots. The irregularities and alleged frauds have made a most profound impression on all classes of well-meaning people.

#### STATES

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#### DISCOVERY

ior of hav- was found Sir Francis established California, rwards by It was but nathan D.



## A Husband of the Period;

OR,  
A Modern Mormon.

By REBECCA FORBES STURGIS.

Author of "A Miserable Mistake," "A Terrible Crime," "The Mormon Wife," "His Enemy's Daughter," "Adam Talmage's Wife," etc.

## CHAPTER VI.

"MR. GAY is in the parlor." It was the voice of the maid, and Muriel sprang to her feet and stood irresolute, a bright flush dyeing her shell-like cheeks. How she had watched and longed and hungered for him! and now that he was really here she was as timid as a fawn about meeting him.

She cast one glance in the mirror. There was not so much as a hair astray.

She ran swiftly down the stairs, opened the door, entered, and then stood still, her face flushing and paling, her eyes swimming with tears, which she was trying to suppress.

Philip stood looking out of the bay-window, but he turned as the door opened. The light fell on her hair, lighting it up like a halo, and he saw how great the effort she was making to hide her tears. Quick as a flash of lightning came the thought, how differently Vee would have come to him. She would have rushed forward and have cried and laughed on his breast, a veritable April child of sunshine and of showers.

"Muriel," he said, approaching and kissing her very gently on the cheek, "are you glad to see such a laggard back?"

His conscience smote him as he asked the question, but he could think of nothing more appropriate to say.

"Oh, Philip! So glad! I have been so lonely without you, and poor Guardie gone!" she murmured, and then the tears refused to be kept back longer.

Philip would be Philip still, though a dozen disappointments embraced him. He could not see a pretty woman weep without trying to comfort her; so he drew her head to his breast and caressed her, and told her she would never be lonely more; that he would never, never leave her. So fate had decided that he should keep his engagement, for, after that, he had not courage enough, even if he had the desire, to seek to annul the sweet contract.

"And she really is very pretty and lovable," he was telling himself, "though not to be compared to Vee. There is the same difference as between the sun and the moon!"

As Muriel became calmer, and seemed to realize that he had really come back, he began to think he had done a meritorious act in not breaking the engagement, but sacrificing his own desires to make her happy.

Fletcher called, and was met quite coldly by Philip. He was well aware Fletcher loved Muriel, and he could not but resent it.

"I have been away so long, I ought to go back to my office and work," Philip was saying to her that night.

"Why, Philip," she said, shyly, "you will not have to work now, when you don't want to. I used to wonder what I should do with so much money; now I am so glad to have it to give to you."

"You sweet child!" he exclaimed; "can you trust me so implicitly?"

"If I could not trust you with that, how could I trust you with myself?" she queried.

The hypocrite blushed vividly. A faint glimmer of the meanness of his intention towards her sacred trust came to him.

"And where would you like to go for a wedding trip?" he asked. "You know you were to decide on that during my absence."

"To Europe, Philip, if you are not too weary of the water."

"Of all places the best!" he exclaimed, a light shining in his eyes which his lady-love would not be able to explain. To go to Europe meant that he should see Vee once more.

"I shall have to go on to my office before I leave," he observed, "and take the papers to my client concerning the business I was away to transact."

Muriel readily acquiesced in that arrangement. Of course it was necessary for him to finish the transaction properly.

On the following morning she told Fletcher of their plans. First, for Philip to go West; then return, be married, and go to Europe.

As Fletcher stood in the light of a guardian since his father's decease, he knew that to speak to Philip concerning Muriel's property was a solemn duty that devolved upon him, and must be performed regardless of scruples. It was rather a delicate subject to introduce, especially as Philip took on such extraordinary airs when in his presence. However, duty was duty. This morning he purposely waylaid Philip on the street, and walked up towards the friend's house which Muriel called home.

"I suppose, Philip," he observed, in an easy manner, "that you are aware that since my father's death I am, for the time being, Muriel's guardian. Among my father's papers was a note wishing me to see to having a part of her property secured upon herself. You know, as the law stands now, at marriage she gives it all into your care, unless you secure a part for her separate and sole use. I know I need only mention it to you to have your consent to making out the proper papers."

During the time Fletcher was speaking Philip's brow had been clouding. In his own mind he was branding Fletcher Arbuthnot as a meddler.

Make over Muriel's fortune, indeed! Give up the privilege of using it except as another dictated! What did Fletcher think he was marrying Muriel for? He would be ashamed to say, "Make

over one-half of her own property to her"; if he did it at all, he must have all safely tied up, to be doled out by bits if he was "good and proper." No, he would not countenance anything of the kind.

"I am surprised at you making such a proposition!" he responded, loftily. "However, I have no objections if Muriel wishes. Come, we will settle this matter now."

They ascended the stoop and Philip rang the bell.

Muriel met them in a moment. She looked from one to the other of the men—the one who loved her, the one she loved. She knew something of importance had transpired. Philip went directly over to her side, and took a piece of fancy work out of her hands.

"Muriel," he said, in a soft tone, looking into her winsome face with an expression of utter devotion, "this guardian of yours has been informing me that I had better have your fortune settled upon you, in case that I might be a bad boy; then, you see, you could stop my allowance and bring me to terms. Don't you think it will be an excellent plan?"

Muriel glanced over at Fletcher, whose face betrayed the annoyance and disgust he felt. He understood perfectly well why Philip had presented the subject to her in such a light. She was too high-spirited for a moment to allow any one have the impression that she had not perfect confidence in her future spouse.

"Fletcher," she exclaimed, her tone betraying the indignation she was trying to suppress, "I am very sorry you should have proposed such a thing, especially as you knew how repugnant such an idea would be to me."

"I am so sorry, for your sake, you refuse, and I hope that all your life you will be able to wonder why I was such an old fogey as to propose it," he returned, bluntly.

Muriel flushed, then laughed aloud. She would not wound his feelings if she could avoid it.

"You dear old brother," she said, lightly, "you have not yet outlived your tendency to croak! Don't you remember how you used to tell me the most weird and fantastic tales until I would hide my head under your coat and shake?"

Before he could respond, Philip interposed:

"You are dodging the question, young lady, and we do not allow that to be done in this court. That privilege is reserved for the lawyers alone. Muriel, I am in earnest now; I do not wish your guardian to think I object to doing as he proposes. I think perhaps, for many reasons, legal and otherwise, that the course he urges may be the best for you."

She put her delicate, perfumed hand over his mouth with an expression of mock anger on her sweet face.

"Say no more, sir; I am capable of deciding this question. Fletcher, when I promised to give myself away," with a faint blush, "I made no reserve about that which I believed then, and believe now, was only of secondary worth. We will consider this subject settled."

Philip kissed the hand that pressed his lips, and Fletcher, with a strained expression which did not escape his successful rival's eye, rose to leave.

"I will not press the subject longer," he observed. "It was not a particularly pleasant thing to do, but I was actuated by the purest motives."

"Oh, do not go yet!" Muriel cried, following him to the door. "Surely you are not angry with me, Fletcher!" she added, in a whisper.

"No indeed, dear little sister," he answered. "You deserve all sunshine in your life. I pray it may be yours."

He was gone. Muriel looked after him, with a wistful expression in her true blue, April eyes. Her guardian's cry, "You have broken my boy's heart," came back to her mind with a disturbing force. "Could it be true?" she questioned herself. When she returned to the apartment where Philip awaited her, he caught her to his heart, and cried: "What a dear little bride I have won! I will not forget your goodness to me."

Oh, Philip! false Philip! who even then was planning how best he might purchase his own happiness, and wreck that of his expectant bride!

That night he went West, promising to return that day week. Fletcher visited Muriel daily during Philip's absence. He had nothing to do but wait until the ceremony was over. Day by day his distrust of Philip increased. He thought that had he been the happy man he would not have been such a laggard, and he was not of such an impatient disposition as Philip Gay.

"I am sure no man could fail to love my dear little Muriel," he whispered to himself; and yet he did not put faith in Philip's devotion. The day of Philip's return came at last.

The following morning, in a quaint, old-fashioned church, where the ivy had just put forth its leaf, as it clung to the cold gray walls, Muriel gave her hand to Philip Gay. An old friend of Dr. Arbuthnot gave the bride away, and Fletcher acted as best man to Philip. It was a very quiet wedding, although the wealth of the bride was well known. Only her most intimate friends were present, as the recent death of her guardian forbade any display.

Philip won the admiration of all. He was pronounced a perfect bridegroom, "a veritable Greek god," by the most romantic of the young ladies present.

They went direct to the cars. Their bridal tour was to begin, and Muriel had requested her friends not to go to the station with them, but make their adieux as they came out of the church.

"I don't want to be a proclaimed bride to the conductor and passengers," she had said, laughingly.

Fletcher was the last one to wish her good-luck and good-by. She held up her lips to kiss him, and could not but notice how white he looked

when he turned away, after whispering in her ear:

"If ever you need a friend, don't forget your brother."

When they reached the railway they found they were at least a half-hour too early. They stepped into the waiting-room. Two gentlemen were already there. They arose respectfully as Philip and his bride entered. There was no one else in that part of the room.

"Sit down here, dearest," Philip said, in an undertone. "I have a favor to ask of you. These men are here at my request. If we should run short of funds while away, and you happen to be sick in a strange place, I should be helpless. They have a paper, ready for you to sign, deputizing me to draw from your account. If it was signed before our marriage it would not be legal; I could not bring myself to ask you to sign it before your guardian. My own poverty is a thorn in the flesh to me, sharp enough, without making a display of it before Fletcher Arbuthnot! Will you sign it, my dear little wife?"

She blushed scarlet under the new title.

"Why, Philip, you know I would be glad to sign," she responded.

Philip gave her little gloved hand a squeeze, while he beckoned to the gentlemen to approach. The train had come in, and everybody was intent either on getting aboard, or else in looking for friends, so that no one was paying attention to them.

"She understands the instrument," Philip observed, loftily; and they put the usual questions to her concerning her wish to sign.

"Mr. Gay has made all necessary explanation," she observed, as she took the pen between her fingers and signed, in a delicate but plain cirography, her new name, "Muriel Vance Gay."

The gentlemen signed after her, raised their hats, as Philip, saying, "That is all that is necessary, gentlemen," tucked his bride's hand under his arm, and hurried on board the waiting train.

Muriel was so glad that Philip had thought of that device. He had raved them from any annoyance, and had not exposed his poverty to Fletcher's critical eye; and, after the conversation concerning her money, she could understand how a high-spirited man like Philip would feel over such an exposure.

"I suppose that dear old Fletcher would have thought it better for Philip to have waited until he had a competence of his own," she mused, "and let my wealth stand there and accumulate, making nobody happy."

Whether even she would have felt so happy and free from misgivings if she had known that the paper she had just signed put the whole of her property out of her hands for ever, is a question. He, not content with the knowledge that the law gave her property to him as her husband, had visited a law office, and had a document prepared giving and bequeathing all property, whether of money in bank, stocks, or mortgages, belonging to Muriel Vance, to her husband, Philip Gay.

He explained that she had never had control of her property, and did not understand the care of it. They were going away, and if they wished to dispose of any part, he could attend to it much easier.

But the train sped on, and Muriel gave no further thought to the scene that had taken place. She was Philip's wife; no sorrow could come near her now. She was anchored in a secure harbor.

While Philip was every now and again whispering pretty nothings in her ear, he could not but think how he would feel if it was the warm face of peerless Verona that shone so close to his, and his heart gave a traitorous throb that did not argue well for their future happiness.

## CHAPTER VII.

THE voyage had been simply perfect. Never, in all her long, troublous life, would Muriel forget how happy she had been then. Not a cloud appeared to disturb her serenity. Philip played the part of the devoted husband charmingly. The truth was, he was always so fond of a pretty face, and his bride was fair enough to suit the most fastidious taste, that he could not be otherwise than devoted.

At first he determined to try and forget Verona. She would not be any worse off than she would have been had she never met him, and he assured himself that he had brought a ray of sunshine into her desolate life that would doubly repay her for any pain she might suffer at his supposed falsity.

When he came to that determination he sighed, and thought Muriel's fortune would not more than recompense him for the sacrifice he was making for her sake.

But when he landed in Liverpool he changed his mind. Muriel needed a day of rest—she should have it. He would go out to see Verona, and explain to her how he was situated. She would forgive and sympathize with him.

"I am sure you will be better to rest here to-day, Muriel," he observed, with all the solicitude of a true lover; "and if you can spare me, I will run up to see the lawyer whom I visited while over here. My client wished me to see him on a trifling affair."

"I shall miss you, Philip," she responded; "but certainly you must go. I will have a good rest, and to-morrow we can start anew."

He kissed her affectionately, gave her many charges to take care of her "precious self" for his sake, and then went out. A little later a waiter brought her the latest magazines, a dish of fruit, and some choice confectionery, that she might while away her time pleasantly.

Philip's conscience appeased by his offerings, and fortified by his virtuous intentions, he hastily caught the train and was whirled to the Estervelt

Station. He took no note of the beautiful scenery; his mind was on the meeting that was soon to take place.

Arriving at the Estervelt Station, he glanced hastily around to see if, by any unlucky chance, some of the Bell family should get off the train also. If they did, there would be no alternative but to accompany them home, as they did not know he had other acquaintances in the neighborhood. Happily for him, no one alighted whom he had ever seen before. He took a by-path to the Estervelt grounds.

Coming near the brick lodge, he was greeted by Caesar's fierce growl. One moment, and the dog was leaping up and caressing him with delight.

"Good Caesar! Nice fellow!" he was saying, when suddenly Verona appeared beside him.

She was glowing with luxuriant youth and beauty; her eyes wore the startled air of a fawn, her bright red lips were parted. She pressed her hand against her throbbing heart.

"My love! my love!" she cried. "Oh, is it you, or are you dead, and this your spirit come to give me warning?" She rushed into his arms. "Dead or alive, I knew you would come back to me!" she murmured, through her swift-flowing tears. "My love! my love! you have been guarded by prayers ever since you left. Night and morning I have prayed: 'Let me see him again. If alive, bring him to me; if dead, let his spirit come to me just once!'"

He trembled beneath her glowing words. He could not speak—she magnetized him. Could he give voice to the words that would sever him forever from this glowing, impulsive, lovely being?

"My Philip! my Philip!"

He pressed her closer to his heart, he called her by every endearing word his fond fancy suggested. For the time being Muriel was as one who never existed. She was forgotten.

"And now I must tell you how I came to be here," he said, sitting down and drawing her head to his shoulder, while he held her hand in his warm clasp. "I am on my way, on very important business, to the Continent. I have only this one train to stop over, as my time is limited, but I felt that even a few moments with you would be better than not to see you at all."

"So much better, my love," she responded, carrying his hand to her lips. "One glimpse of your face is heaven!"

He looked down upon her. Passion throbbed furiously in every vein. He would not give her up! No matter what the risk incurred, Verona must be his!

The words of the Mormon elder came back to him: "I shall expect to see you."

"And you will," he thought. The temptation had suddenly taken shape in his mind. He would go to Utah! It would not be a difficult task to persuade Muriel that business called him there, and he would make himself so necessary to her happiness that she would not allow him to go alone. Once there, returning would be another affair, after consideration.

As he smoothed Vee's glossy hair, his whole plan evolved itself in his mind.

"I shall be away a few months," he continued, in a low tone. "I will not be able to take you back with me then, for as soon as I get home I am going to open an office for myself in the Far West, where I shall have a chance of attaining to eminence. I may become a Governor—perhaps a President of the United States. You know, dear, in America it is ability that wins such offices, not rank, nor birth. Nothing is hereditary with us."

She listened as if the words came from the lips of a god.

"As soon as I am settled I will send for you. You will come?"

"I will come!"

"I will send you a letter of instruction, and put you in the care of a friend."

He then asked her if Francis Estervelt had found a purchaser for the estate; but she had heard nothing concerning it since Philip had gone away.

Two hours later he returned to the city, and found his wife awaiting dinner for him. He greeted her very affectionately. His spirits arose at the prospect before him. Muriel and her wealth was already his, and in a few months he would be enabled to send for his peerless Verona. Surely fate had cast him into a pleasant place! He gave no thought to the wrecking of each woman's life; all but self was forgotten in that glorious day-dream.

On the following day they started on their tour, refreshed by the rest.

(To be continued.)

## THE PACIFIC TERMINUS OF THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

THE approaching completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway causes special interest to be centred on its Western terminus. The site has been under discussion by Government, railway, military and naval experts since the inception of the enterprise. The difficulty has been, not in finding a suitable harbor, but to select, from the multitude with which the coast of British Columbia is indented, the one offering the greatest advantages. Port Simpson, as the terminus of the Peace River route; Bute Inlet, from whence, crossing to Vancouver Island, it was possible to connect it with the mainland, and by an island railway convert Victoria, the capital of the Province, into a great railway terminus; New Westminster, on the Fraser River, and Burrard's Inlet, have had their advocates. Eventually, by consent of both political parties under whose administration the construction of an all-Canadian transcontinental line was a leading question, the choice rested on Burrard's Inlet. This decision was confirmed in the contract made by the Government with the Canadian Pacific Railway Company for the completion and operation of the road. Reaching tidal water at Port Moody, the line is carried down the length of the Inlet to its western limit, Coal Harbor; passing over the peninsula

which separates the Straits of Georgia from the Strait of Juan de Fuca, giving to the harbor in addition to Coal Harbor, English Bay, forming the shores, while a narrow bank, extending shore, protects it. English Bay will wharf front, with protected from the loading or unloading of the inner advantages peculiar to the terminus.

The terminus is by way of the Strait of Victoria, at Island; skirting in the history course is north island—dotted mountains of Vancouver, emerging a run of twenty Straits. An intro through the water separating the bluff of sandstone—the subject of it is possible with so to command render them through the exceeds 1,000 feet Creek, a mountain posed to supply increases in wide one mile from of two and one-average width of of water sufficient few hundred feet a distance of two shores of Coal Vancouver, the veyed, extends to the height of and Burrard's Inlet that on the approach close of ground gives future growth, look on mountains his chief attrac place as it stand ing of lumber at shores abound in size, some of of the town-site.

At equal dist west, lie the enard's Inlet and the mountain minus, the for the latter ove within an hour recreation-grou couver and the scenery the world is rare brown mounta with the brilli bery and heat from the deep warm-tinted r blues of the h high that at mountain end capped, shifting rock and moun waterfalls by into the sea, m throb with sea ent sea, with forest, pr enjoyable. Is look, owing to and Gambier, North Arm. these sheets hunting-grou white hunters sassing the g attending dan and bear. T most any of Deer, duck, a splendid spo Fresh-water mountain trout swarm, rarely When it is is at best but under the mo (Summer we until Novemb entice those pay a visit Summer is the smoke fr the latter mo were as per and might "days of cl mer glow."

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which separates the inner waters from those of the Straits of Georgia, the line terminates at English Bay, giving to the railway company an outer harbor in addition to the land-locked basin of Coal Harbor. English Bay is protected by the highlands forming the eastern, northern and southern shores, while a natural breakwater, the Spanish Bank, extending over a mile from the southern shore, protects it from the seas of the Straits. English Bay will permit of the construction of a wharf front, without slips, four miles in length, protected from any sea that would interfere with the loading or unloading of ships of all classes. Both the inner and outer harbors possess advantages peculiarly their own.

The terminus is reached from the Pacific Ocean by way of the Straits of Georgia, passing Cape Flattery; Victoria, at the southern end of Vancouver Island; skirting the Island of San Juan, famed in the history of international arbitrations, the course is northerly for forty miles through an island-dotted channel environed by the lofty mountains of Vancouver Island and the main shore. Emerging from this labyrinth of islands, a run of twenty-five miles is made across the Straits. An introduction to Burrard's Inlet is had through the water of English Bay. The peninsula separating the two is headed with a bold rocky bluff of sandstone formation, 180 feet in height—the subject of our illustration. From this bluff it is possible with properly equipped fortifications so to command English Bay and the Inlet as to render them practically impregnable. Sailing through the narrow entrance, which scarcely exceeds 1,000 feet, skirting the mouth of Capilano Creek, a mountain stream from which it is proposed to supply the city with water, the Inlet increases in width until, passing Brockton Point, one mile from the gate, it expands to a width of two and one-half miles. From this point an average width of a mile is maintained, with depth of water sufficient to float the largest ships within a few hundred feet of either shore, up to Port Moody, a distance of twelve miles. The land bordering the shores of Coal Harbor and English Bay, on which Vancouver, the terminal city, is now being surveyed, extends back in easy grade for three miles to the height of land between the Fraser River and Burrard's Inlet: this in marked variance to that on the northern shore, where the mountains approach close to the sea-line. This disposition of ground gives a site favorable in itself for the future growth of the city, whilst possessing an outlook on mountain scenery that will form one of its chief attractions. The main industry of the place as it stands at present is in the manufacturing of lumber and spars for foreign markets. The shores abound in a wealth of timber, enormous in size, some of the trees measured at the clearing of the town-site girthing over thirty-three feet.

At equal distances, eight miles on the east and west, lie the entrances to the North Arm of Burrard's Inlet and Howe Sound. These fjords pierce the mountain chain lying to the north of the terminus, the former to a distance of twelve miles, the latter over thirty. Lying close at hand, within an hour's steaming, they will form the recreation-ground for the future dwellers of Vancouver and its visitors. There is a grandeur in the scenery that even in this picturesque part of the world is rarely met with. Purple and reddish-brown mountains, their sombre color picked out with the brilliant tints of moss, arbutus shrubbery and heather, rise in sheer precipitous forms from the deep waters they outline. Beyond these warm-tinted rock masses lie the colder grays and blues of the lofty, snow-crowned peaks, rising so high that at times it is impossible to tell where mountain ends and cloud begins. This cloud-capped, shifting *chiar-oscuro*, an endless variety of rock and mountain forms, with the varied styles of waterfalls by which the mountain streams leap into the sea, make the above—the horizon scene—throb with seeming life, while the calm, transparent sea, with its unbroken reflections of mountains and forest, presents a restful contrast altogether enjoyable. Islands that are worthy of a special look, owing to their unique formation, are Auver and Gambier, Howe Sound and Jug Island, in the North Arm. The mountains contiguous to both these sheets of water have long been favorite hunting-grounds for the Indians and the few white hunters living in the locality, the sport possessing the greatest fascination on account of its attending dangers in hunting the mountain sheep and bear. These can be reached by climbing almost any of the mountain peaks in the vicinity. Deer, duck, and various kinds of grouse afford splendid sport to the less ambitious hunter. Fresh-water fishing is confined to the brook and mountain trout, the salmon, with which the rivers swarm, rarely rising to the fly.

When it is considered that the scenery—which is at best but feebly illustrated here—can be viewed under the most favorable circumstances of climate (Summer weather lasting from the 1st of March until November), there ought to be sufficient to entice those wearied of the old tourist-haunts to pay a visit to this charming region. The early Summer is preferable to August, on account of the smoke from forest fires which prevail during the latter month. This season, March and April were as perfect months as could be wished for, and might aptly be described as made up of "days of cloudless beauty, hoar frost and Summer glow."

#### THE MEMPHIS COTTON EXCHANGE.

MEMPHIS ranks among the five or six great cotton marts of the Union. The fleecy bales constitute her staple export, and the value in that commodity handled on her levee annually amounts to something near forty millions of dollars. For years the affairs of the Memphis Cotton Exchange have been transacted in a dingy building on the corner of Front and Madison Streets. On the 15th inst., however, it took formal possession of its new quarters in the noble palace of trade of which our illustration presents an exterior view.

The new Cotton Exchange building is situated on Second Street, between Madison on the south and Court on the north. It is within a stone's throw of the banking quarters, and commands a view of Court Square. The cost of the structure was \$100,000, and its materials are chiefly brick, stone and ornamental tiles. Rising six stories high, peaked and pointed by a slated mansard roof, it overtops its tallest neighbors. Its height, however, is in proportion to its length and width, the building fronting 146 feet on Second Street, with a depth of 69 feet on Madison and Court Streets. The entrance, on Second Street, is reached by a short, broad flight of steps, leading under a depressed arch and through massive swinging doors. The hallway extends on the right to the main room of the Merchants' Exchange and on the left to the Cotton Exchange. These superb rooms are equal in size, each 40 feet wide by 69½ feet long, with ceilings 26 feet in height. The floors are tiled, of a sober but tasteful pattern; the

walls, a pure, soft, creamy white; and the ceilings, artistically frescoed.

From the centre of the main hallway, immediately opposite the principal entrance, a flight of broad, easy stairs wind upwards around the elevator shaft to the entresol floor, which contains five elegant rooms, with a hall similar to that below. The stairway leads to the second large floor. The hall here extends from north to south through the entire length of the building. Magnificent arched windows at either end, filled with plate and stained glass, produce a superb effect. The rooms opening upon either side are entered through doors of massive polished oak. Like all of the rooms in the building, they are lighted by wide, arched windows of plate and stained glass. The floor above is the counterpart, with its spacious hall, plate and stained glass, massive arch and vaulting ceilings, of that just described. The attic, if the term is sufficiently dignified for the space immediately beneath the mansard roof, is next reached. Dormer windows light it on all sides, making peculiarly suitable quarters for the occupants for whom it was designed—the Western Union Telegraph Company.

The officers of the Memphis Cotton Exchange as it now stands, after an existence of eleven years, are: *President*, W. H. Crawford; *Secretary*, S. H. Hotter; *Vice-presidents*, C. T. Curtis, R. F. Patterson, W. W. Schofield; *Treasurer*, J. R. Godwin; *Directors*, N. Hill, William Bowles, Jr., Ed. R. Hart, John W. Dillard, R. F. Tate, Robert Wolfenden, G. A. Latham; with Mr. LaHache as *Assistant Secretary*.

#### THE FUNERAL OF CARDINAL McCLOSKEY.

THERE were no formal services in memory of the dead Cardinal on the Sunday following his death. Eulogies were spoken, Requiem Masses sung, and prayers offered for the repose of his soul; but it had been arranged that the imposing solemnities of the Church should be concentrated upon the services of Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, the days set for the lying-in-state at the Cathedral, and the funeral. On Sunday, relatives of the dead prelate and clergy of the archdiocese were admitted to view the remains in the archiepiscopal residence. The embalmer's skill had so well preserved the benign features, that the Cardinal's face presented the appearance of calm slumber, rather than of death. On Monday, priests and nuns, kneeling about the bier, chanted the Litany of the Saints, and made the impressive responses of the Gregorian Chant. The holy vigil was kept up throughout the night.

On Tuesday morning the body was removed from the residence to the Cathedral. A fierce storm of wind and rain interfered with the modest procession which had been arranged, but a large crowd of spectators gathered about the Cathedral. A little after ten o'clock the body, laid in a kind of shell and covered with purple velvet, was carried through the rear entrance of the residence to the Fifth Street entrance of the Cathedral. The procession was formed in the transept, the cross-bearer coming first, followed by the choir-boys, the priests of the Cathedral, Archbishop Corrigan, with his white mitre and vestments, accompanied by Monsignor Farley, and surrounded by several functionaries, and lastly by the six men bearing the body of the Cardinal. The "Misereere" was chanted as the procession passed slowly down the southern aisle, and then came the "Benedictus." Father Lammell intoned the matins and lauds for the dead. Archbishop Corrigan pronounced the blessing; and the body, after being incensed and sprinkled with holy water, was placed upon the catafalque in the centre aisle. This catafalque was covered with cloth-of-gold, and the purple pillow was placed under the head, upon which was the Archbishop's mitre. A long wax taper was placed at each corner. The head of the dead prelate was placed considerably higher than the feet, so that the countenance was fully displayed to persons coming up the aisle. About a dozen members of the Holy Family Society of St. Patrick's Cathedral, which is recognized by the rector of the parish, acted as a guard of honor through the day. A steady stream of people passed through the Cathedral all day until four o'clock, when the doors were closed. A wonderfully impressive sight met the gaze of every spectator who passed up that broad aisle. In the dim light which streamed through the stained windows, the body of the Cardinal lay, clad in full canonical robes. On the head was his white mitre. A velvet chasuble, fringed with white lace, covered the body. Underneath were the purple cassock, lace rochet, amice, alb, cincture, stole, and two purple silk tunics. Purple silk gloves with gauntlets covered the hands and wrists. Glimpses of the surpliced clergy, kneeling and rising, clouds of incense ascending towards the lofty roof, and the solemn Gregorian chant, all lent their effect to a scene at once solemn and magnificent. During the night, forty members of the St. Vincent de Paul Society and twelve of the Holy Family Society comprised the guard of honor.

On Wednesday, the throng of visitors was still greater. Long before the doors of the Cathedral were opened a crowd stood in waiting; and all day long, marshaled by a large force of police, the people surged in and out of the stately edifice, taking a last look at the dead Cardinal lying in state. The doors were closed at nine o'clock in the evening, and all night long the guard from the Society of St. Vincent de Paul watched beside the catafalque.

The funeral, on Thursday, was one of the grandest ever witnessed in New York. The day was fair, and the Autumn sunlight, streaming through the storied windows, filled the Cathedral with a golden glow. The Cardinal's bier had been placed at the foot of the steps of the high altar. He lay robed as if in life, to officiate at a pontifical Mass of Requiem, the golden crozier of the archbishop copate by his side. On either side tall tapers flickered in golden candelabra, and from the table of the altar hung an antependium of black watered silk, wrought in gold. The floor of the sanctuary was covered with violet cloth, the glittering brasses of the altar-rail were shrouded in silver-fringed black, and the pulpit was hung with mourning folds. The carved woods of the Cardinal's vacant throne were hidden by hangings of violet.

Before half-past nine o'clock the Cathedral was filled to overflowing by a crowd of over 5,000 people, hundreds of whom remained standing in the aisles. Outside a square of policemen had been formed, and only ticket-holders were admitted through the Fifth Avenue entrances. The funeral ceremony was in four divisions. The first was the chanting of the office for the dead, by 150 priests and choir-boys of the diocese. Archbishop Corrigan then entered the sanctuary, clad in full canonicals, and attended by deacons, chaplains, acolytes, cross-bearer, incense-bearer and altar-

boys; and the solemn pontifical Mass of Requiem was begun. Cherubini's "Requiem Aeternum" was followed by Mozart's music to the awful words of the Dies Irae. Gregorian chants, swelled by the full tone of the organ, came from the choir, while in the intervals were heard the deep voices of the clergy at the altar intoning the words of the Mass. The funeral discourse was delivered by Archbishop Gibbons, his text being a selection of verses from Ecclesiastians xlv. After the sermon, the Bishop of Brooklyn and four archbishops went in turn to the catafalque and pronounced the absolution. Then the candles were extinguished, the coffin was raised by the bearers and borne to the crypt below the altar, followed by archbishops, monsignori, priests and choir-boys, chanting as they descended. The remains of the Cardinal were deposited in a compartment of the catacomb adjoining that which contains the ashes of Archbishop Hughes. The masons closed the recess with a square of marble, bearing this inscription:

✠  
JOANNES  
Tit. S. Marie Supra Minervam S. R. E. Presb.  
CARDINALIS McCLOSKEY  
Archiepiscopus Neo-Eboracensis.  
Vixit An. LXXXV.  
Obit X. Oct. MDCCCCLXXXV.  
[Coat of Arms.]

#### AN ITALIAN ADVERTISING NOVELTY.

THE latest novelty in advertising comes from our good friends, the Italians. Like many a happy thought, it is so simple that the only wonder is why it was never thought of before. It is on the North Italy Railway that the idea has been developed, and it consists in providing the tickets with pockets and inserting in each pocket a little roll of paper with advertisements printed thereon. You buy your ticket from Milan to Venice, for instance, and on a thin piece of paper neatly inserted therein you find all the information you can want about the Venetian hotels and shops. The advertisement sheet in each ticket is divided into forty little spaces, twenty on each side of the paper, and the price of a space is 15 francs per 10,000 tickets. When all the spaces are let, the company thus makes \$120 on each 10,000 tickets.

#### ALL FORMS OF GOVERNMENT.

THE Caroline Islands may be regarded as a practical exhibition of most of the various systems of government that are just now in vogue. Yap and Kusaie, two of the largest islands in the group, are kingdoms, and, considering that Yap is only a Pacific kingdom, it is a very advanced place, its chief town possessing a well-paved street, and there being on the island no less than sixty-seven villages, each of which is a semi-independent commune. Unfortunately, consumption is rampant, and the population is rapidly decreasing. Kusaie is a less enlightened monarchy, but, on the other hand, it has no consumption, and it has a number of gigantic ruins which have no rivals in Yap. Ponapé, a third island, is an oligarchy governed by five princes. Like Kusaie, it contains remarkable prehistoric ruins, and thirty years ago it had a population of 15,000 souls. At the present time, owing to recent ravages of small-pox, there are only 2,000. These, however, are well-to-do and flourishing, and they are noted for their intelligence and physical beauty. Other islands are republican, elective despotisms and federations of petty princedoms, but upon the whole none are so prosperous as oligarchical Ponapé.

#### FACTS OF INTEREST.

AN increased number of towns in Connecticut voted, at the late election, against granting licenses for the sale of intoxicating liquors.

CO-OPERATION seems to have taken root in Minneapolis, Minn., where there are seven associations doing a business amounting to \$1,000,000 per year.

A BOSTON court has discharged a man who had been indicted for thrashing a fellow-lodger who snored very loud. The Court evidently considered that the provocation justified the violence used.

THE total number of students in the academic and scientific departments of Yale College is 804. The theological, law, and medical schools have 200 students, thus giving a total attendance of more than 1,000.

THE bases of the Anglo-Turkish agreement as to Egypt, are: Reform of the entire civil, military and financial Government of Egypt, autonomy, exclusion of Turkish troops, withdrawal of the British troops when safe, Egypt to conclude advantageous arrangements. The Soudanese agreement awaits the approval of Lord Salisbury and the Sultan.

THE temperance cause is making gratifying progress among the Roman Catholics of the Pennsylvania mining regions. In 1879 the number of Catholic temperance societies in the Scranton diocese was limited to six. Now there are thirty, with a membership of over 6,000. The societies are mostly named after Father Mathew or St. Aloysius. In almost every town and hamlet in the county are to be found members of one or the other societies. The Catholic clergy have taken hold of the matter, and are urging the young men of their organizations to join the temperance society of the parish.

A NEW crusade is threatened in London against the employment of undraped female models in artists' studios. For several years past there has been a rage for the nude among the members of the Royal Academy, and shapely models have been in great demand. The models are procured from the same class which furnishes ballet-girls to the theatres. Many "ladies of the chorus," as they choose to be termed, are also artists' models, serving at the studios in absolute nudity during the afternoon and at the theatres in partial nudity at night. The models are paid from eightpence to a half-guinea per sitting. Sir Frederick Leighton, George Frederick Watts, Edward J. Paynter, L. Alma-Tadema, and a few other famous Academicians, pay their female models half a guinea for each sitting, and always see that they are provided with a substantial tea. The Rev. John William Horsley, M.A., chaplain of Clerkenwell Prison, sounded the keynote of the new crusade by his speech before the Church Congress at Portsmouth recently, denouncing the employment of female models as demoralizing both to artists and models, and especially to lady artists.

#### AT HOME AND ABROAD.

A NUMBER of polygamists are on trial in the United States District Court for Idaho.

A MOVEMENT is on foot to secure the admission to the Union of Southern California as a new State.

MORE than a dozen Chinamen have already taken out their first naturalization papers at Cheyenne.

IN Arizona, voters have to swear that they don't belong to any organization which advocates polygamy, before they can vote.

HERBERT GLADSTONE, in a recent address, declared his father was in favor of excluding bishops from the House of Lords.

THE first Hebrew Christian church in America was dedicated with appropriate services in New York city on the 11th instant.

THE Legislature of Oregon will meet in special session, November 9th, for the purpose of electing a United States Senator.

ABOUT \$70, collected both from the whites and the natives, has been transmitted from Sierra Leone to the Grant Memorial Fund at New York.

A DISPATCH from Alexandria states that the Egyptian cotton crop is slowly coming into market. The crop amounts to 3,000,000 cantars, instead of 4,000,000, as had been estimated.

THE Spanish expedition from Fernando Po, on the west coast of Africa, in the Bight of Biafra, has entered the Naha River, and declared Spanish sovereignty on both banks of the stream.

THE State of North Carolina derives a revenue of \$100,000 from a tax on drummers. A provision of the law gives a resident drummer a rebate, the effect of which has just been pronounced an unjust discrimination against non-residents, and the law is, therefore, declared unconstitutional.

IT is reported from New Mexico that various counties in that Territory have offered, or are about to offer, rewards of from \$250 to \$500 each for the scalps of "buck" Indians, and that the ranchmen and cowboys are organizing armed bodies to go on an old-fashioned Indian hunt.

IT is stated that Mr. Pendleton, the United States Minister, purposes coming to an early agreement with the German Government with reference to the Bancroft Treaty, as cases of expulsion, and enrollment in the Army, of Americans living in Germany have largely increased.

A STATE convention of colored men will be held at Lexington, Ky., on November 26th, to demand equal rights under the law. They complain that they are excluded from juries, denied equal rights on railway trains, and generally deprived of recognition under all departments of the State Government.

FORTY MILLION pounds of fresh fruit were shipped out of California by rail between January 1st and September 1st of the present year—an increase of 32,000,000 over the shipments for the corresponding period of last year. These figures exhibit the marvelous development of the fruit-growing industry. Next year the shipments must be largely increased because of many new orchards coming into bearing or increasing in productiveness.

ANOTHER enormous well of natural gas—the second largest ever found—came to light the other day in Washington County, Pa., and is being tapped and piped to Pittsburgh. In that city at the present time natural gas has been substituted for coal for fuel in 1,600 dwelling-houses, 66 glass factories, 34 rolling mills, and 45 other factories of various sorts, equivalent to a displacement of 10,000 tons of coal. Cincinnati, Wheeling and other cities are pressing on in the same direction.

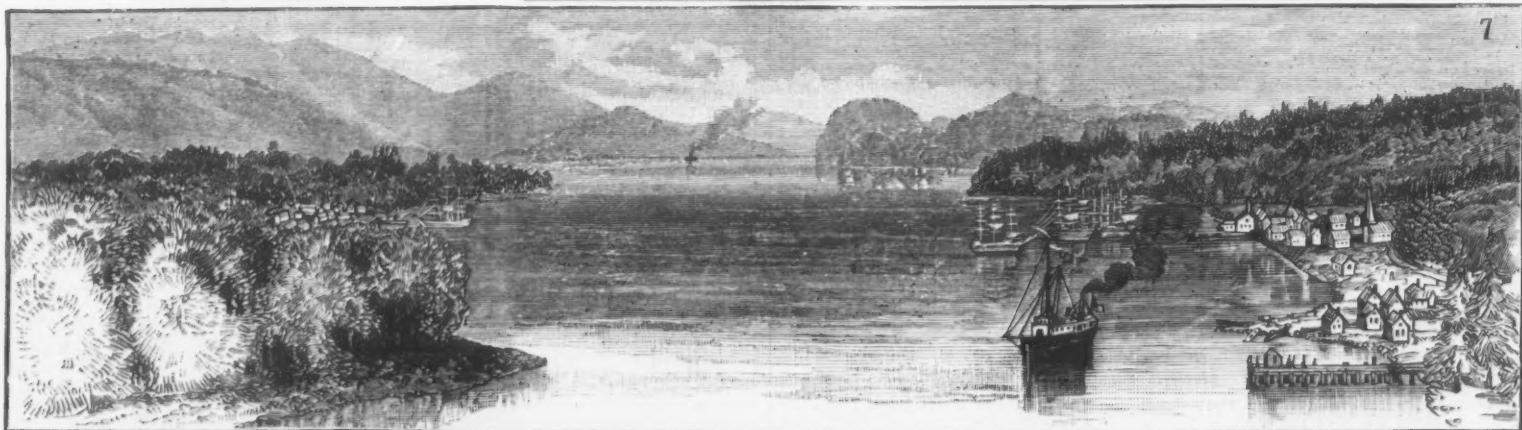
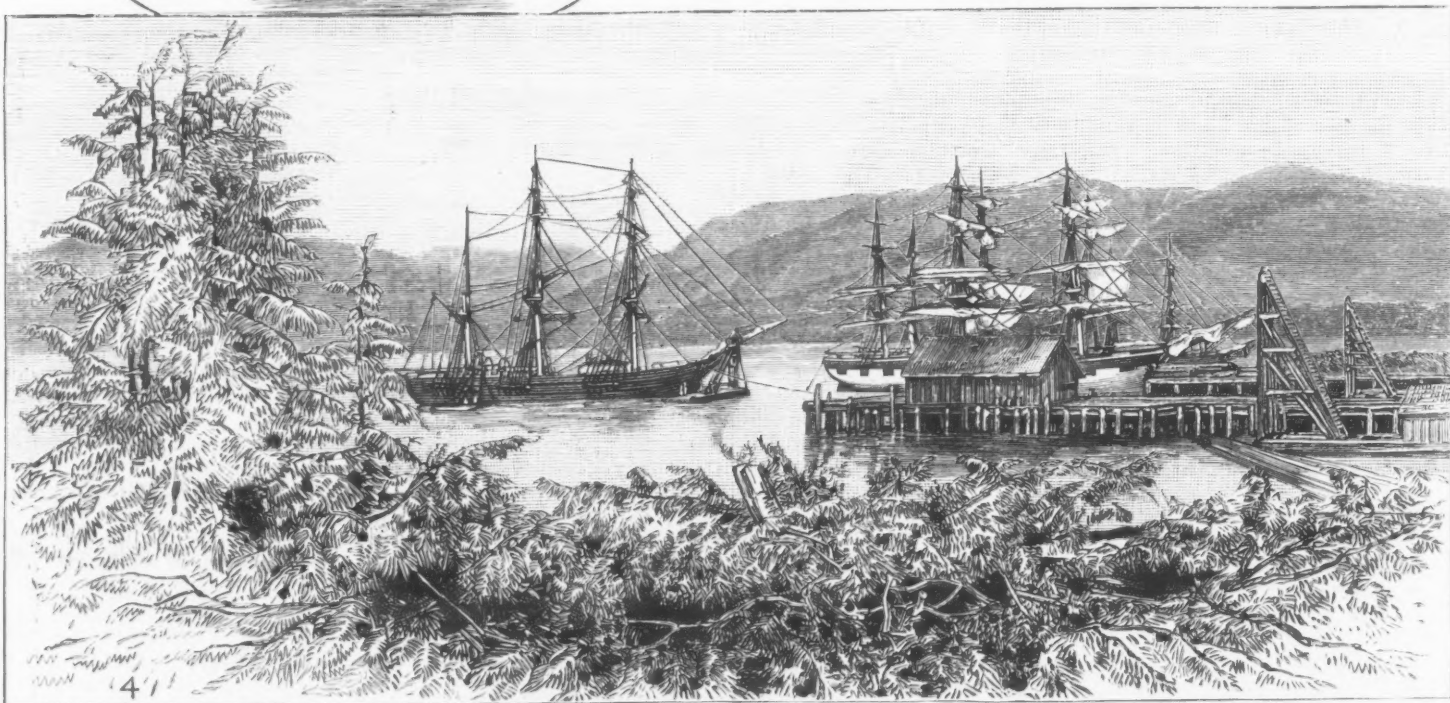
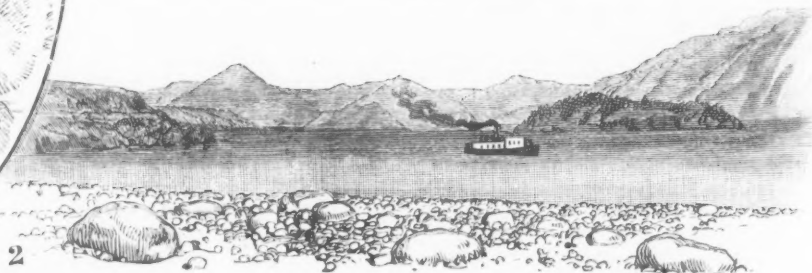
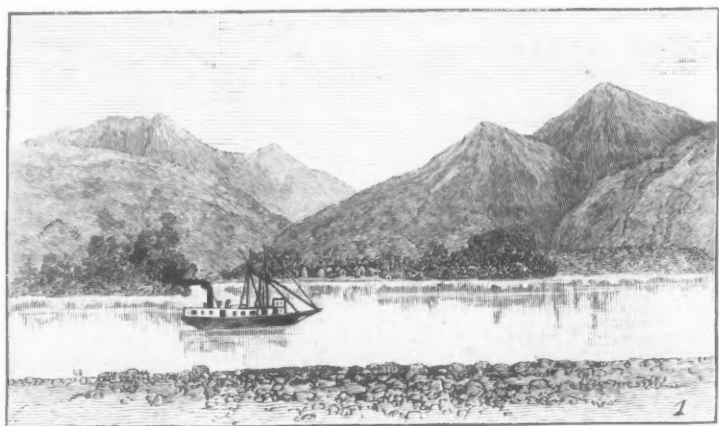
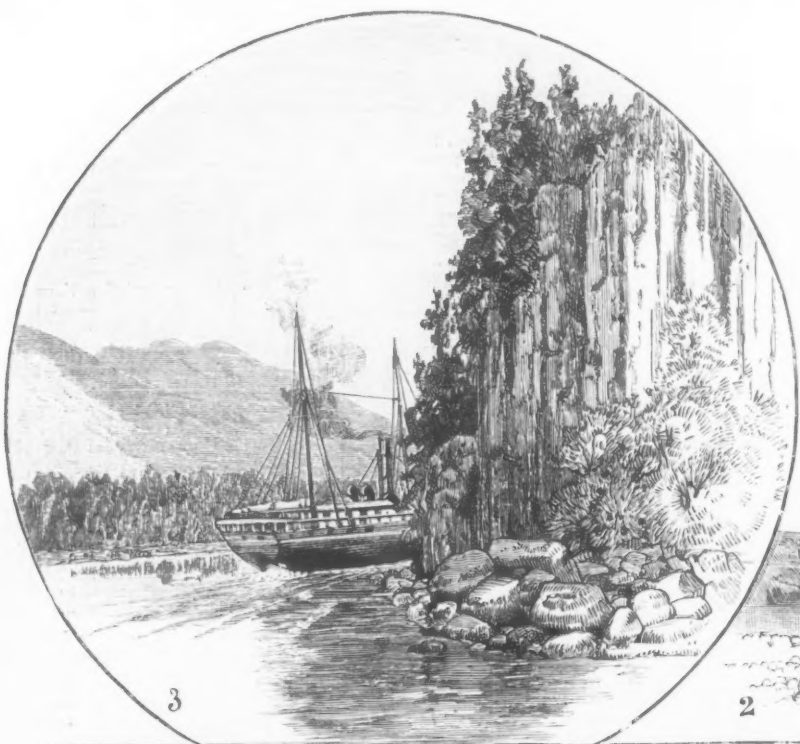
THE old-fashioned spinning-wheel was introduced a short time ago into the Isle of Man Insane Asylum with the idea of amusing the patients. The latter seemed delighted that they could in this way contribute to their support, and became so absorbed in their new occupation that their nervous symptoms no longer predominated. As Dr. Richardson, the medical superintendent, expressed it, the direction of the nervous force was changed, and their condition was improved. The experiment is to be tried in other asylums.

LIEUTENANT HENRY T. ALLEN, of the Second Cavalry, has just reached San Francisco after his Alaska explorations. Lieutenant Allen left Sitka in February last and journeyed to the mouth of the Copper River, which he followed until he reached the great Alaskan range of mountains. There he crossed on snowshoes to the head of the Tananah River. For 700 or 800 miles he followed the Tananah until it emptied into the Yukon, the great river of the north, which he followed to its mouth, a distance of about 600 miles more.

IMMEDIATELY upon the breaking out of the difficulty between the Spanish and German Governments, growing out of the occupation of the Island of Yap by one of Bismarck's gunboats, the emissaries of the Spanish Government visited the shipbuilding centres of Great Britain, and contracted for the immediate construction and armament of five cruisers, for which they agreed to pay \$6,000,000. The vessels are to be built on the most approved modern designs. With the object of getting great speed, arrangements have been made to supply the cruisers with the most effective machinery that can be built in Great Britain, and they are to be armed with the very best long-range light guns. It is stated that these vessels are all on the stocks, and are being pushed rapidly towards completion.

GRAVE irregularities and frauds were perpetrated in Cincinnati at the late election. Among the instances mentioned are the receiving of 221 more votes at one polling-place than there were names registered; the returning of only forty-one Republican votes as cast in another precinct, in which seventy-six men have been found on a single street who say they voted the Republican ticket at that polling-place; the stealing of the ballot-box in one of the Nineteenth Ward precincts; the ordering of the judges and clerks out of a police station during the progress of the count, by the lieutenant in charge, on a flimsy pretext, and the theft, while they were going out, of thirty-two of the ballots; and the theft of the key to the ballot-box in another precinct, which delayed the count twenty-four hours, during which time the box was stuffed with fraudulent ballots. The irregularities and alleged frauds have made a most profound impression on all classes of well-meaning people.

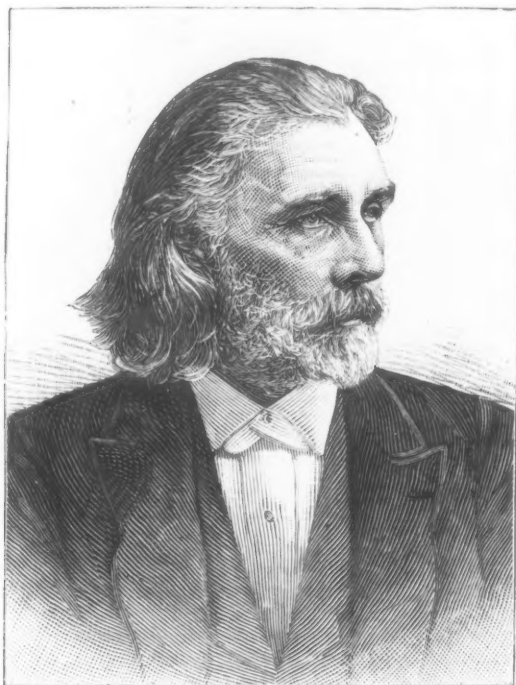




1. Coal Harbor, from Pratt's Fishery. 2. Howe Sound. 3. Entrance to Burrard Inlet. 4. Hastings Mill Wharf, Vancouver. 5. Frazer River, three miles above Yale. 6. Salillicum (Spirit) Rocks. 7. Burrard Inlet, from Head of Coal Harbor.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.—SCENES ON THE LINE AND AT THE TERMINUS OF THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILROAD.  
FROM PHOTOS. AND SKETCHES BY L. A. HAMILTON.—SEE PAGE 154.





THE LATE HENRY W. SHAW ("JOSH BILLINGS").  
PHOTO. BY ANDERSON.

#### THE LATE HENRY W. SHAW ("JOSH BILLINGS").

IN the death of Henry W. Shaw, known to the literary world as "Josh Billings," which occurred at Monterey, Cal., on the 14th instant, from apoplexy, the country loses a humorist who has contributed both to the amusement and the instruction of millions of readers. Mr. Shaw was born in Lanesborough, Berkshire County, Mass., in 1820. At the age of fourteen years he went West, and for several years led a frontier life, being engaged in the various occupations of steering steamboats, keeping a country store, and acting as auctioneer in small towns and cities. Finally, becoming weary of this irregular life, Mr. Shaw in 1865 removed to Poughkeepsie and devoted himself to editing a small paper. It was while engaged in this work that he wrote the first humorous article, which attracted attention principally by its phonetic spelling. He called it "Essa on the Muel." It was extensively copied, and the name of Josh Billings soon became known throughout the land. From that time until his death his career was one of continued financial success. In 1873 he began the publication of his "Farmers' Almanax," a book which in its second year had a sale of 127,000 copies, and in ten years had netted the author and publisher \$30,000 each. His humor was often dry and homely, but it always embodied a practical philosophy which appealed strongly to the apprehension of the average reading class.

#### HON. JABEZ L. M. CURRY, UNITED STATES MINISTER TO SPAIN.

THE Hon. Jabez L. M. Curry, of Richmond, Va., who succeeds the Hon. John W. Foster as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Spain, is very well known throughout the South. He was born in Lincoln County, Ga., in 1825, and at the age of thirteen removed with his parents to Talladega, Ala. He was graduated at the University of Georgia, in 1843, and at the Dane Law School, Harvard University, in 1845. He afterwards practiced law in Alabama. In 1846 he joined the Texas Rangers for the Mexican War, but

soon returned on account of ill health. Mr. Curry was elected to the Alabama Legislature in 1855, and served two terms. He was then elected to Congress, where he remained four years. Upon the breaking out of the rebellion, Mr. Curry was elected a delegate to the Provisional Convention at Montgomery, Ala., and subsequently a member of the Confederate Congress. He served one term in the latter body, and then entered the Army under General Joseph E. Johnson as colonel of the Fifth Alabama Cavalry, and served in that capacity throughout the war; and soon after the cessation of hostilities, in 1865, he became President of Howard College, at Marion, Ala. In 1868 he went to Richmond College, Richmond, Va., as Professor of English and Mental Philosophy. About this time, at the earnest solicitation of friends and contrary to his own inclinations, he consented to be ordained a preacher of the Gospel in the Baptist Church; but he has never regularly officiated in a ministerial capacity. He is the President of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Southern Baptist Convention, and General Agent of the Peabody Trust Fund.

Mr. Curry has always been a Democrat, and was an earnest supporter of President Cleveland during the late campaign. Having in no manner sought the office bestowed upon him, he naturally received the unsolicited appointment with gratification; and that sentiment is fully shared by a wide circle of friends and acquaintances.

#### HON. JOSEPH B. FORAKER, GOVERNOR-ELECT OF OHIO.

THE Hon. Joseph Benson Foraker, whom the Ohio Republicans have just elected Governor of that State by a plurality of about 19,000 votes, was born in Highland County, O., in 1846. After receiving a common-school education, he entered a school in Hillsboro. Although only sixteen years of age when the war broke out, he entered the Army as a private in the Sixty-ninth Ohio Volunteer Infantry, and served in the line until after the fall of Atlanta,



OHIO.—HON. JOSEPH B. FORAKER, GOVERNOR-ELECT.  
PHOTO. BY BAKER.



VIRGINIA.—HON. JABEZ L. M. CURRY, UNITED STATES  
MINISTER TO SPAIN.  
PHOTO. BY COOK.

about which time he was detailed for the Army Signal Service. In course of time he was promoted through the different grades from sergeant and orderly to second and first lieutenant. As such he served in the Carolinas after the march to the sea. He was taken upon Major-general H. W. Slocum's staff in the meantime, and breveted, at the recommendation of his commander, for gallant service at the battle of Bentonville. At the close of the war he entered the Ohio Wesleyan University. Afterwards he came to this State and entered Cornell University, where he was graduated in 1869 with the first class sent out from that institution. He worked hard and made great sacrifices to secure his college education, boarding himself, and crowding a six years' course into three, that his meagre savings might hold out. After leaving college, he removed to Cincinnati, where he was admitted to the Bar in 1869, and at once took rank as an able and successful lawyer. In 1879 he was elected Judge of the Superior Court, but ill-health compelled him to resign this position in 1882. In 1883 Judge Foraker was nominated as Republican candidate for Governor of Ohio, his opponent being then, as in the recent election, Judge Hoadly. The Democratic candidate was elected by a majority of 12,629 votes, Judge Foraker receiving 347,164. This year, as the returns show, the result has been strikingly reversed. Judge Foraker enjoys wide popularity, and during the past week has received congratulations innumerable—notably from his Alma Mater, Cornell.

#### MONUMENT TO COMMEMORATE THE DISCOVERY OF GOLD IN CALIFORNIA.

THERE have been numerous claimants to the honor of having discovered gold in California. That gold was found on that portion of the Pacific Coast as early as Sir Francis Drake's expedition; afterwards by the Jesuits, who established the Missions to be found throughout the whole of California, and which are still grand in their ruins; and afterwards by American adventurers, history abundantly shows. It was but a few days since that the venerable Colonel Jonathan D.



CALIFORNIA.—MONUMENT ERECTED IN THE STATE CAPITOL  
GROUNDS, SACRAMENTO, TO COMMEMORATE THE DISCOVERY  
OF GOLD BY JAMES W. MARSHALL JANUARY 19TH, 1848.  
FROM A SKETCH BY JAMES T. ANDERSON.



TENNESSEE.—THE NEW COTTON EXCHANGE BUILDING IN MEMPHIS, FORMALLY OPENED ON OCTOBER 15TH.  
SEE PAGE 155.



Stevenson, who came to California in 1846 in command of what is still characterized as "Stevenson's Regiment," and who still lives, hale and hearty, just turned of ninety years, as a United States Sailors' Shipping Agent—informed the writer hereof that in 1847 he sent sufficient gold from California to New York to make several rings for the ladies of his family. It may not be out of place here to state that Colonel Stevenson was private secretary to Daniel D. Tompkins, who was Governor of New York in 1817. Notwithstanding these discoveries, gold was never found in sufficient quantities in California to pay for mining until James W. Marshall, in the month of January, 1848, picked up the shining nuggets in the tail-race of the sawmill at Coloma, which he was building as a partner of Captain John A. Sutter, commandant of the fort at Nueva Helvetia, and to Marshall alone is the credit of this discovery due. The event is commemorated by a monument in Sacramento, thirty feet in height and unique in appearance. This monument was erected by the young and numerous associations composed of members born in California, who appropriately style themselves "Native Sons of the Golden West," but the design originated with and was carried out under the direction of Thomas L. Thompson, the efficient and accomplished Secretary of State of California, who is the custodian of the State Capitol building and superintendent of its grounds. The recent death of Marshall gives a present interest to the picture of the monument, which is given on page 157.

## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

### DOMESTIC.

The smallpox has been carried from Montreal to Marinette, Wis., where twenty cases, with several deaths, were reported last week.

There were 164 business failures in the United States last week, as against 170 in the preceding week, and 209 in the same week of 1884.

The Georgia Legislature, which closed its session last week, passed a general option law, under which many temperance elections will be held in various counties.

Fifteen States and Territories were represented at the annual meeting of the American Woman Suffrage Association held at Minneapolis, Minn., last week.

At the meeting of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, held at Boston last week, Rev. Mark Hopkins was re-elected President of the Association—an office which he has filled for twenty-eight years.

The New York "County Democracy" have finally settled the question of a union with Tammany Hall by nominating a full ticket and declaring that a conference would be both "improper and inexpedient." Tammany and Irving Hall have responded by placing in the field a ticket representing both organizations—Tammany, however, having the larger share of the offices.

The Republicans have elected their Governor and State ticket in Ohio by about 13,000, and they have a clear majority in the Legislature to give Sherman another election to the Senate. There have been attempts to "doctor" the returns in Cincinnati, obviously intended to control the political complexion of the Legislature; but giving all the members from that county to the Democracy, the Republicans still have a majority on a joint ballot.

### FOREIGN.

The British Parliament will be dissolved on November 17th.

In a published letter, Mr. Gladstone says he hopes that the Bulgarian union will be a real one. He deprecates such movements as Serbia and Greece have been threatening to make, and says that he is unable to recognize their right to make such invasions as they contemplate.

CARDINAL NEWMAN, in a recent address, said that the Protestant Church of England was the great bulwark of that country against atheism. He wished all success to those defending the Church, and said that he and his friends would join in defending it. Cardinal Newman's views are important in connection with the forthcoming elections for Members of Parliament, and they will be likely to influence many votes in favor of the Conservative candidates.

### A GREAT RAILWAY DEPOT.

The station of the London and Southwestern Railway (called "Waterloo Station") in London, is the colossus of stations. Imagine twenty-five acres roofed in, and the building covering this area containing fifteen platforms and nineteen distinct lines of rails, making an aggregate length of four miles. Imagine also a signal-box containing 180 levers. During the building, extending over very many years, of this enormous station, 800 houses have been demolished and a population of 3,000 displaced. The cost, however, from the first opening to completion, has been only a million and three-quarter dollars. It is over this railway, with its thirty spur lines, the traveler reaches England's southern and southwestern counties, containing Portsmouth, Southampton, Isle of Wight, etc., and by railway steamers, Havre and the Channel Islands. There is no minute through the day during which some train does not depart or arrive at this station.

### HOW THE PRESIDENT RECEIVES.

A WASHINGTON letter to the Philadelphia Record says: "He does not sit in stately style at the head of the Cabinet table in the Cabinet room, as did Rutherford B. Hayes; but standing in the oval library-room, he receives his callers as any gentleman might. He does not stand quite still, as Arthur used to do, at one end of the room, and all the people present passing in procession before him; but the callers having been arranged around the walls to the full capacity of the big red-leather chairs and sofas, he walks around from right to left, shaking hands with each caller and listening to what he has to say as long as patience is a virtue. At eleven o'clock Colonel Leffler, the gray-haired doorkeeper, ushers in the first batch of callers, promptly shutting off the stream when the oval of people is complete. The President, who has been at his broad oaken desk there in the big bow-window ever since nine o'clock, rises and courteously addresses the first caller on his right. So he goes around the room. As fast as it is emptied it is filled again, until one o'clock, when the doors are closed for the day."

### FUN.

"Vile der boys is lookin' at dis Rowmelyn pissen, I must scoop some more ilants someveres," remarked Bismarck, as he sent for his atlas and geography.

SALVATION OIL, the celebrated American remedy for cuts, bruises, sprains, burns, scalds, chilblains, etc., can be had of all druggists. It kills pain. Price only twenty-five cents a bottle.

NAVAL EXAMINER—"Now, sir, I will examine you for color-blindness. What color is this light?" "How the deuce can I tell unless you take the red globe off it?"

"Wonder where Splashpen gets the big words he uses so plentifully in his writings?" "Out of the dictionary, of course." "That accounts for it! He used three words in ten lines, the other day, of which I did not know the meaning. I went to the dictionary, but they weren't there. Probably, as you suggest, Splashpen had taken them."

### THE TORTURES OF NEURALGIA.

ARE promptly relieved by COMPOUND OXYGEN, which acts directly on the great nerve-centres. If you are a sufferer from this painful disease, write to DR. STARKIE & PALLEN, 1529 Arch Street, Philadelphia, and ask them to send you such documents and testimonials in regard to this Vitalizing Treatment as will enable you to judge for yourself whether it promises to give relief in your case.

"Horses, Beware! This is a Wire Fence!" is the sign hung along the boundaries of his farm by J. H. Sargent, a benevolent Californian.

### ANGLO-SWISS MILK FOOD.

We beg leave to call the attention of physicians to the advertisement of the ANGLO-SWISS MILK FOOD for infants, prepared by the ANGLO-SWISS CONDENSED MILK COMPANY, in Cham, Switzerland. The proper feeding of infants is a subject that has always taxed the skill and knowledge of professional men. Condensed milk is more extensively used at present, with happy results, than any other substitute for mother's milk. The Anglo-Swiss Milk Food is intended to take the place of condensed milk, whenever the use of it has been partially or fully discontinued, say from the age of four months. The superiority claimed for this food over any other farinaceous food is that the former is so prepared that when gradually heated with water, according to the directions for use, the starch contained in the materials used, and which in its individual character is highly detrimental to digestion, is converted in a satisfactory degree into soluble and easily digestible dextrine and sugar. The analysis of the Anglo-Swiss Milk Food contains 5 to 6 per cent. of moisture, 14 to 15 of nitrogenous matter, 54 to 55 of carbohydrates soluble in water, 15 to 16 of carbohydrates insoluble in water, 5 to 6 of fat, and 2 to 2.15 of ash.

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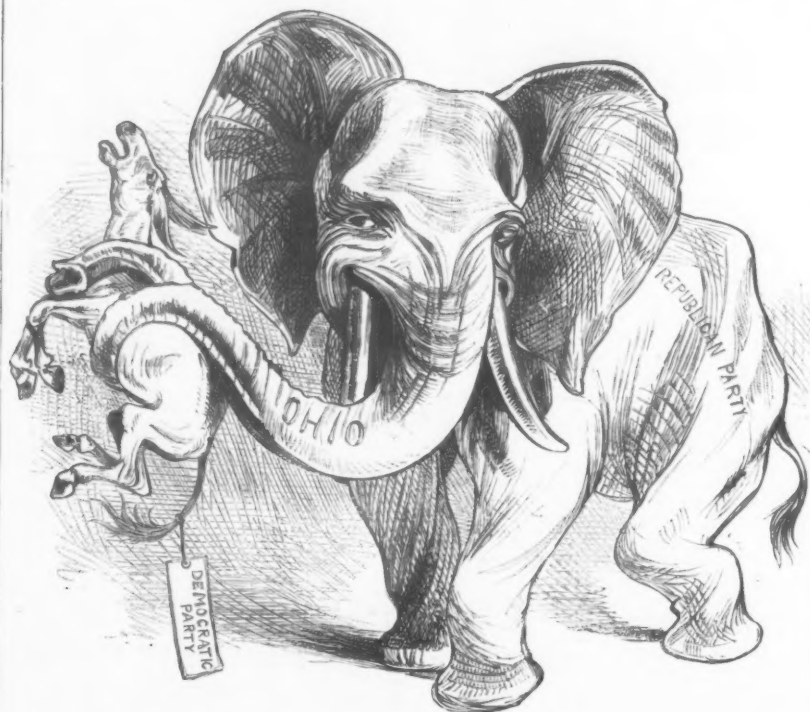
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